

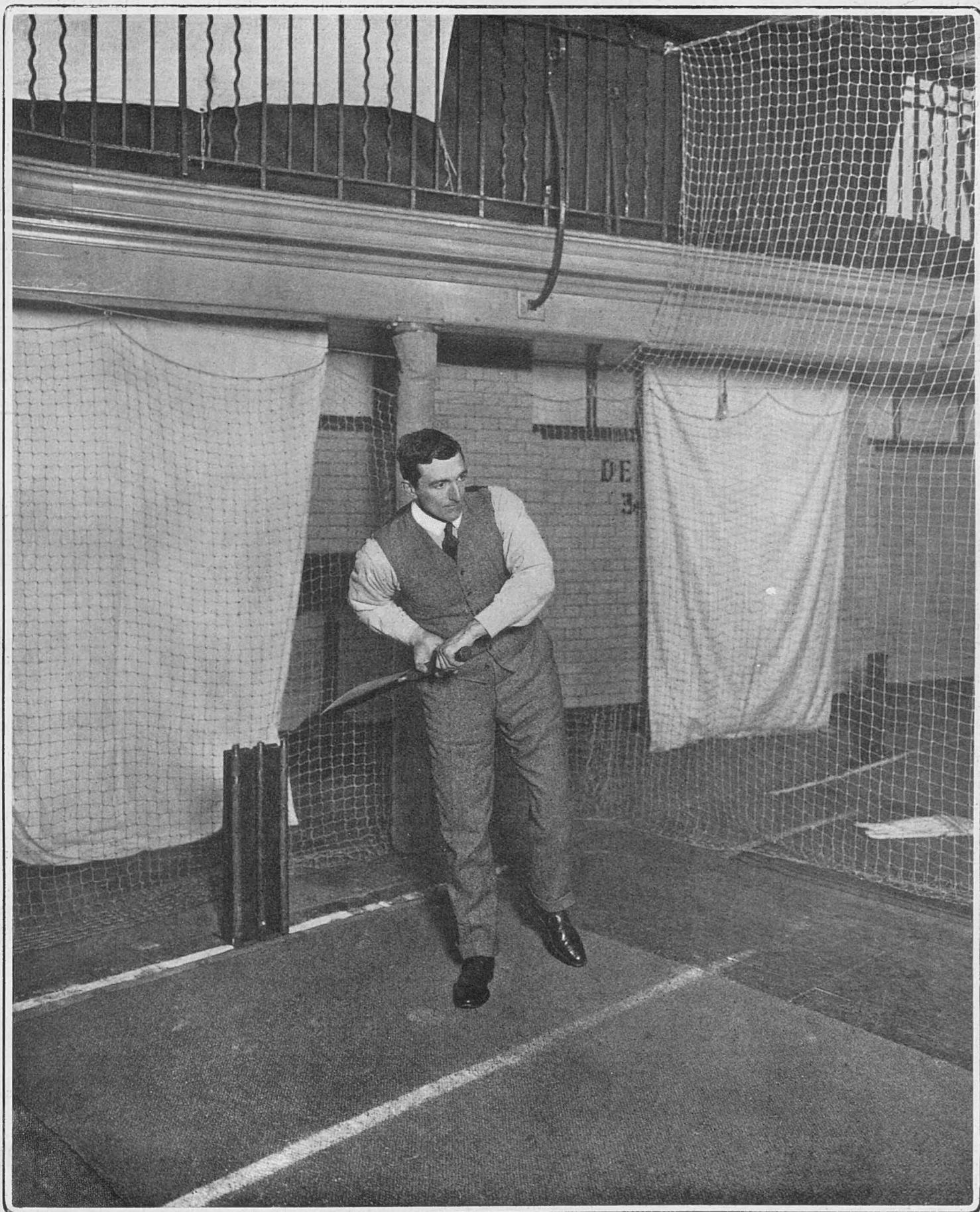
The Sketch



No. 577.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



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HOW MR. C. B. FRY KEEPS HIS "EYE IN" DURING THE WINTER.

A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE NEW COVERED CRICKET-PITCH AT ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE.

(See "The Clubman," Page 150.)



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Feb. 15.

I SPENT no less than three evenings of last week in playhouses. The theatres thus honoured were the Savoy, the Imperial, and the New. At the Savoy they showed me the latest thing in musical comedies. You will find that my colleague, "E. F. S.," has dealt with that. At the Imperial we had a version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," entitled "A Queen's Romance." The "hit" of the evening was made by Mr. Arthur Lewis, who, in full view of the audience, drank twelve glasses of wine in three minutes. For the rest, I may again refer you to the silver-tongued "E. F. S." At the New Theatre, Sir Charles Wyndham presented an adaptation, by J. Comyns Carr, of "La Châtelaine," by Alfred Capus. The adage, I rejoice to say, held good; my third evening was well spent. "My Lady of Rosedale," despite a touch of crude melodrama in the last Act, is a charming and amusing play. Sir Charles Wyndham's part, moreover, suits him to perfection; every lover of good acting will be delighted with the performance. Mr. Eille Norwood scored heavily as the selfish, malicious young husband; it was not his fault that the situation and many of the lines in the last Act recalled "The Worst Woman in London." At the fall of the final curtain, unfortunately, the actor-manager pandered to the gallery by delivering a lengthy and wholly unnecessary speech. They subsequently took their ell, of course, and clamoured, in raucous voices, for the leading lady. I did not wait to see whether they were further pampered.

The article by "John Oliver Hobbes" published in the *Daily Mail* of Friday last is worthy of more than a passing attention. "Love and Fortune: should they be divorced?" is the question set before us by the writer, her object being to urge fathers of families to provide their daughters with a dowry. "It is as much a duty," she declares, "to give every girl that grows up to womanhood a definite fortune—no matter how small—as it is to educate every boy for a vocation or trade. And the fortune ought not to be dependent on the act of marriage." The suggestion, I feel sure, will be heartily welcomed by young girls the country over. They will arise in their tens of thousands and flourish copies of last Friday's *Daily Mail* in the faces of their selfish fathers. Whereupon the fathers, as they go to business, will drop in at the newsagents' and substitute for the *Mail* either the *Daily News* or the *Daily Chronicle* (in the case of the latter, from Feb. 29 onwards). Speaking seriously, though, I am afraid "John Oliver Hobbes" does not quite understand how the poorer folk live. She does not appreciate the fact that fathers and mothers of families have the greatest difficulty to make ends meet, and that only too often, just as they appear to be succeeding, the chain of life snaps beneath the strain. . . . Apart from facts, however, her ideal is a noble one.

There has been forwarded to me, per Mr. Addison Bright, one of the souvenirs prepared by Mr. Kyrle Bellew to celebrate the hundredth performance of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," at the Princess Theatre, New York. The souvenir takes the form of a burglar's "jemmy." The particular instrument which furnished the model, I understand, was lent by Colonel Pinkerton, the head of the New York branch of the well-known firm of detectives, and was the very "jemmy" carried by Adam Worth, the man who stole the Gainsborough portrait. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, I suppose, dazzled by his own success as an amateur cracksman, is anxious to make burgling the fashion. There is certainly a fascination about this souvenir. The handle is heavy enough to render it a formidable weapon, and the long, thin blade has a suggestive little twirl at the end that makes one's fingers itch to put it to a practical use. As a matter of fact, I tried. I shut the door of my bedroom, locked it securely, and then proceeded to attack the lock with my souvenir. I had no dark-lantern handy, but,

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*Chicot*).

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

in order to heighten the effect of the scene, I lowered the gas. Judge of my dismay, then, when the "jemmy," instead of prizing open the door, bent nearly double. Blushing hotly, I rose to my feet and turned up the gas. For the future, Mr. Bellew's handsome souvenir will be used only as a paper-knife.

The *Rapid Review*, the new monthly publication just issued by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, seems certain of success. The letterpress deals with every conceivable topic, from politics to poetry, and the majority of the illustrations have been carefully selected from the dailies and weeklies. The labour involved in the compilation of such a magazine must be enormous, and the Editor may be warmly congratulated on the result. Mr. Pearson, I see, in the course of a modest introduction, asks for suggestions and criticisms. I would venture to hint, therefore, that some of the book reviews are far too long to justify the title of rapid. It is possible that the books selected for notice have been rapidly read; it is not easy for the reader of the notices, however, to form a rapid idea of their merits. Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, for example, is reviewed at the length of three columns, and Mr. Thomas Hardy's play receives equally generous treatment. As a natural result, Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new romance is dealt with in six lines, whilst "Nurse Charlotte," by L. T. Meade, is merely described as "a quiet, pleasant book."

Imagine, if you don't mind, that you are seated in the stalls of a music-hall. Imagine that Mr. R. G. Knowles—flap-booted, white-trousered, bad-hatted, beaming-faced—is on the stage. Imagine that he is walking up and down quite close to the footlights, whilst the band murmurs and drones, over and over again, four bars of conventional rubbish. Imagine that the comedian, in that imitable hoarse voice of his, is giving you the following advice: "When a motor-race is in progress, do not cross the track. You may hurt the feelings of a chauffeur and die before you have time to apologise." Very well. The audience rocks with laughter, and you laugh with them. Before the laughter has quite died down, Mr. Knowles says something else of the same sort, and in the same way. You laugh again. . . . Now, if I am not bothering you, examine the little joke as I have set it down. Nothing particularly funny about it, is there? And why? Because it lacks the one element that gives it life, namely, the personality of the comedian. A like fate befalls all the jokes and anecdotes in Mr. Knowles' book, "Of Stories Just a Few." Even the six photographs of the author on the cover fail to lend them animation. And the moral of that is, the cobbler should stick to his last. Long live R. G. Knowles—comedian.

Country readers will be interested to learn that a new "Set" has been formed in London. I am not referring, of course, to the Smart Set. That unfortunate body has been quite broken up, I hear, since the publication of "Rita's" articles in the *Gentlewoman*. No longer do they sip liqueurs, clip their "g's," and prance madly round ballrooms. They have perished utterly, and in their place we have the Telephone Set. The only necessary qualification for this Set is to be on the telephone. No business can be transacted, or invitations issued, through the post. Every member of the Set has his or her number printed, in red figures, on his or her visiting-card, and woe be to the mean wretch who endeavours to gain admission to the circle by using a neighbour's telephone. When the Set meet, the talk is all of telephones, and how useful they might be and how tiresome they are. It is considered very bad form, I may mention, to attempt to overhear or intercept messages. Nobody does it, you must understand, but everybody is suspected of trying to do it. . . . As happened in the case of the Smart Set, the Telephone Set has its hangers-on. They are known as the "Threepennies," and they like to be seen coming out of public call-offices.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
AT THE IMPERIAL.



SKETCHES OF "A QUEEN'S ROMANCE" BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See "The Stage from the Stalls," Page 160.)

THE CLUBMAN.

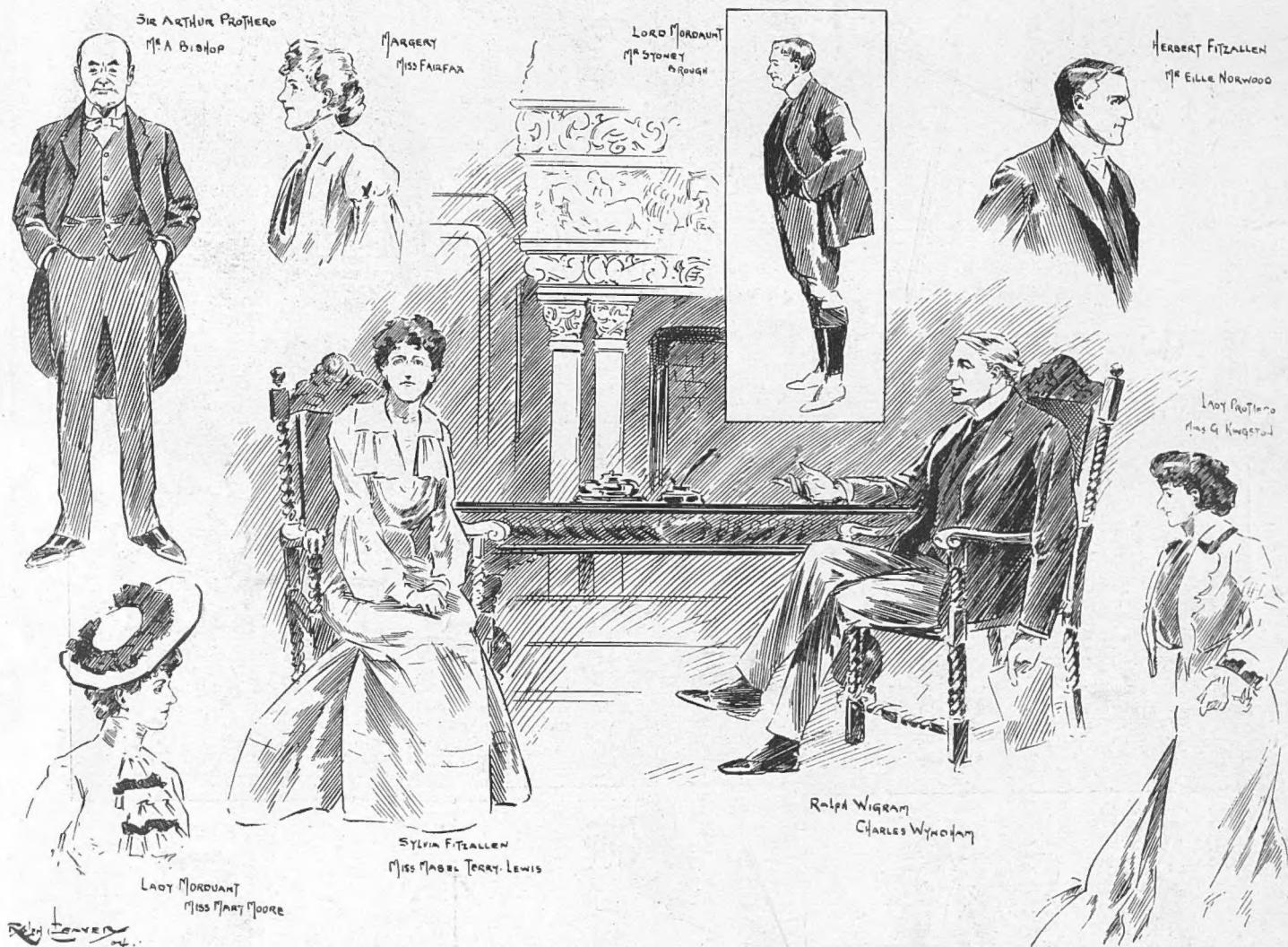
A Week of Stirring Events—Russian Slowness—“Jiu-Jutsu” on a Large Scale—The Army Council.

IN the week which has passed enough important events have happened to make it seem as though it were a month. We live very quickly nowadays, and we fight very quickly, a fact which the Russian naval officers did not seem to have grasped. It did not seem possible to them that anything could interfere with anything so pleasant as a circus performance. The attitude of the Russian officers towards the Japanese has been very much that of the officer of our Guards made famous by *Punch* who, when the Crimean War broke out, resented being ordered to Russia, and thought that the best plan would be to bring the Russians over to Hyde Park and lick the beggars there.

The Russians always have been slow in tactics and strategy, but, when they get into movement, they are mightily difficult to stop. When the Light Brigade charged at Balaclava and rode at the opposing cavalry, the Russians, who had moved down the hill, received them

I once in South Africa saw a very fine example, on a small scale, of the same mode of warfare which the Japanese have adopted. A very diminutive Englishman was drawn into a dispute by a big bully who was half a Dutchman. The big man used every abusive epithet he could think of to the little man, who kept silent but looked dangerous. Encouraged by the small man's muteness, the big man announced his intention of thrashing the life out of him, and commenced, with much ostentation, to take off his coat. When his coat was half off, the little man sprang at him and hit him with all his force on the point of the jaw. The large man went down like an ox, and when he came to sense again and sat up, he poured forth a torrent of abuse against his subduer, but he made no offer to go in pursuit of him and to continue the battle.

The Letters Patent for the formation of the new Army Council have appeared in the official Gazette, and the Council is to begin its work at once, without waiting for its soldier head, the First Member, who has to come back to England from South Africa. This is a very necessary step to take, for there was an interregnum during which none of the War Office officials knew to whom he had to refer questions. “Le Roi est mort” in Pall Mall, and now the minor officials are able to cry “Vive le Roi,” for the new authorities have been duly constituted. In the establishing of the new Board the most plentifully decorated



“MY LADY OF ROSEDALE,” AT THE NEW THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER. (SEE “MOTLEY NOTES.”)

either halted or moving at a walk. The swiftness of the whole affair had taken them by surprise, and it was not until the charge was over and the survivors were riding back to safety that the Russian cavalry appreciated the fact that, if they had met the charge with a charge, they could have crushed and utterly annihilated the daring British. The torpedo-attack outside Port Arthur was a naval Balaclava. It was magnificent and the Czar says that it was not war.

The Japanese are practising in warfare their special art of self-defence—the “Jiu Jutsu.” They have perfected this pugilistic art in order that a small man, when attacked, can fight on even terms with his big assailant. They have grips and catches and falls all carefully thought out by men who have studied the human anatomy thoroughly, and the opponent who does not understand this particular method of fighting finds himself thrown on his head and stunned, or with his arm or wrist broken by a dexterous twist before he thinks the fight has begun. The little Jap wrestler has scored the first point in his bout with the Russian Lion, and I think he will be found to have concentrated on land as well as at sea quicker than his slow-thinking opponent. Of course, first blood does not mean that a fight is won, or even half-won, but it gives tremendous prestige to the side which draws it.

officer of the British Army has been brought to London. General Grierson, the new head of the Intelligence Department, wears as many medals and decorations as any Prussian officer can show. He has medals and stars won by hard fighting in South Africa, India, China, and Egypt, and he wears Crosses of the Medjidie, of St. John of Jerusalem, of the Prussian Royal Crown, of the Red Eagle, and of the Saxon Albrecht Order, besides the British Crosses of the Bath, the Michael and George, and the Victorian Order. He was at one time British Attaché at Berlin.

The members of St. Bride's Institute have taken a lesson from our Colonial brethren at the Antipodes and in South Africa, for they have opened a covered matting-pitch in the lower hall, where the aspiring batsman and bowler may practise during the winter months. To Mr. Ryan, the Chief Engineer of St. Bride's, this innovation is due. The wicket is perfect, and by an ingenious arrangement the batsman can easily follow the course of the ball without being dazzled by the light of the arc-lamps employed. Innings are limited to ten minutes, and no time is wasted in replacing the bails and stumps. Indeed, there are no bails, and, should the bowler hit either of the stumps, an electric bell records his success, and the game goes merrily on without pause or appeal to the umpire.

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Feb. 17, 1904.

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TWO FAMOUS WAR-ARTISTS.

THE gathering, the darkening, and the bursting of the war-cloud in the Far East was marked by an exodus of Special Correspondents equalled only by that occasioned by the recent South African War. Among the War-Artists, Melton Prior and Frederic Villiers, both of the *Illustrated London News*, by reason of their exceptional experience and by the merit of their work take highest place. Both have a record of war-service and an array of decorations that many a General Officer might envy.

Mr. Melton Prior, who has been closely identified with the *Illustrated London News* since his first appearance on the battlefield in 1873, is representing that journal on the Japanese side, and, judging by communications that have arrived from him, must have reached the scene of action immediately before the outbreak of hostilities. His first experience of war, gained in West Africa, was followed by service in Spain during the Carlist insurrection, and this by the Herzegovinian rising against the Turks. Then came the Servian and Turko-Russian campaigns, the Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu, and Boer Wars, the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, El Teb and Tamai, Wolseley's relief expedition up the Nile and across the Bayuda desert, and Hurmah. Then, the Venezuelan, Brazilian, and Argentine insurrections, the Jameson Raid, the Matabele and Afriki Wars, service on the North-West Frontier of India, the Cretan insurrection, the Siege of Ladysmith, and, last year, the expedition to Somaliland.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, who will be the *Illustrated London News* representative with the Russian forces, gained his first experience as War-Artist in Servia in 1876. His next war—the Russo-Turkish, in 1877—not only established his reputation as a Correspondent, but fitted him particularly for the work he has now undertaken, for he was with the Russians at the Passage of the Danube, Biela, Pleyna, and Shipka, 1878, found him in Afghanistan, and 1882 on the *Condor* with Lord Charles Beresford at the bombardment of Alexandria, at El Maghar, and at Tel-el-Kebir. Again in the Soudan in 1884, he went through El Teb and Tamai, and afterwards accompanied the Nile Expedition for the relief of Khartoum and witnessed the battles of Abu Klea and Cubat. Service during the Servo-Bulgarian campaign and in Burmah preceded work that must be of value to him during the present crisis—the Chino-Japanese War—during which he was present at the Battle of Ping Yang, and with the Japanese

force which marched on and took Port Arthur. The Greco-Turkish War of 1897, the Expedition to the Soudan in the same year, the march from Berber to Suakin, the march to Omdurman, and the recent South African War followed.

With two such veteran War-Artists as Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Frederic Villiers as the chief links in a chain of Correspondents in the fighting area, the *Illustrated London News* can boast a war-service consistent with the great traditions of the oldest illustrated newspaper.



MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Represented "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
WITH THE JAPANESE.
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MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

To Represent "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
WITH THE RUSSIANS.
Photograph by the Noddle Studios.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE picturesque old University town on the Cam is much excited at the prospect of the King's forthcoming visit, which has been definitely fixed to take place on March 1. Fifty-six years have gone by since the reigning Sovereign of these realms honoured Cambridge, the then great function being the installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University. On that occasion Queen Victoria and her Consort were guests of the famous Master of

should make an excellent squire of Powderham, for he is an Inspector of the Board of Agriculture. Unfortunately, it is to be feared that he succeeds to a crippled inheritance, which will be still further burdened by the Death Duties. There was terrible extravagance on the part of one of the Courtenays in the past, and for some time Powderham was let to the late Mr. W. H. Smith. This splendid seat came to the Courtenays by marriage with an heiress of the De Bohuns, but none of the present castle is earlier than the reign of Richard II.

Those Death Duties.

Those harpies of the Treasury will now take double toll from the great Ravensworth estates in Northumberland and Durham by reason of the death of the third Earl only a few months after that of his brother. However, the "black diamonds" which form the wealth of the Liddells are better able to bear such inflictions than Lord Devon's agricultural acres. The most famous of all the Liddells in modern times was Dean Liddell, of "Liddell and Scott," that famous Greek dictionary which used to contain one joke, to the effect that something connected with figs was a figment, which was, however, carefully removed in later editions.

New Peeresses.

The new Lady Ravensworth—there is no Countess any more, for the Earldom is extinct—is an aunt of Sir Francis Walter of Braywick. She married Mr. Arthur Thomas Liddell, then a clerk in the War Office, nearly forty years ago, and they have three sons and two daughters. The new Lady Graves is a daughter of Mr. Henry Craven, of Wickham Hall, Kent, and she married Mr. Henry Cyril Percy Graves, who has just succeeded to the title; in 1870. They have one son.

The Lord of Hughenden.

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is a man of shrewdness and ability who is, perhaps, rather overshadowed by the fame of his great uncle. Physically, he is a curious contrast to the late Earl of Beaconsfield. Of middle-height, thick-set, with black hair, he resembles his famous uncle, perhaps, only in the paleness of his complexion. It is an open secret that Mr. Disraeli has political ambitions, but he is particularly anxious not to owe anything to the great name which he bears. Charterhouse and New College, Oxford, were his history until he was elected, twelve years ago, for the Altringham Division of Cheshire, and more recently he married Miss Marion Silva. Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli is not only pretty and cultivated, but also inherited a very large fortune from her father, whose family, originally Portuguese, had been settled in this country for a long time.

Trinity, Dr. Whewell. The present Chancellor of the University is the Duke of Devonshire, who will accompany the King on March 1. The principal event connected with the Royal visit will be the opening by His Majesty of the Sedgwick Memorial Museum.

The King as a Cambridge Undergraduate.

Twenty-two years later, when visiting Cambridge in order to enter his son, the late Duke of Clarence, the then Prince of Wales expressed the opinion that it was a pity his own entry had not been properly filled up, and, when the book was brought to him, he proceeded to cover the blank spaces with the various, somewhat elaborate particulars required. During the time that our King was a Cambridge undergraduate, he had the privilege of attending a series of lectures given by Charles Kingsley, and thus was laid the foundation of a firm friendship between the tutor and his Royal pupil. His Majesty visited Cambridge soon after his marriage, and he took his beautiful bride to Madingley, the quiet little village, some three miles from the University town, where he had been allowed to live, by special favour, during his undergraduate days, with his Governor, Colonel the Hon. Robert Bruce.

The New Lord of Powderham. The new Earl of Devon, who has just succeeded his venerable grandfather, is a bachelor and not much over thirty. Educated at Rugby, he holds a commission in the Somerset Light Infantry Militia, and he



MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI, M.P., AT HUGHENDEN MANOR, BUCKS.

Photograph by J. P. Starling, High Wycombe.

A Warwickshire
Peeress.

Warwickshire is rich in great hostesses, but it may be doubted if any Peeress connected with Shakspere's county is more locally popular than is Lady Willoughby de Broke, who, now that Compton Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke's splendid seat, is let, dispenses the hospitality for which her husband's family has been so long famed at Kineton House, some ten miles or so from Warwick. *Née* Miss Hanbury, Lady Willoughby de Broke has seen her family doubly connected with that of her husband, for one of her brothers, Mr. Basil Hanbury, is married to one of Lord Willoughby de Broke's sisters. Kineton House contains some priceless relics of the great Elizabeth, including her portrait by Zuccherino, painted in the dress which she wore after her victory over the Armada, and there also is a counterfeit presentment of that Margaret, Countess of Nottingham, who, when dying, confessed to the Virgin Queen that she had neglected to convey to her the ring which Lord Essex had asked her to give to the Sovereign who had loved him. Lady Willoughby de Broke is particularly devoted to the gardens, which are famed for their beauty throughout Warwickshire, and she is as clever an amateur gardener as is her fair neighbour the mistress of Warwick Castle.

A Brilliant
Wedding.

The announcement of the engagement of Lord Kerry and Miss Elsie Hope was the smartest and most interesting that there has been for some time. It is a curious fact that the mothers of the happy pair have been intimate friends for something like twenty years, while Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Hope were at Eton together. Lord Kerry, who now holds a commission in the Irish Guards, served in the War, and won the "D.S.O." while his father was Secretary of State for War. He inherits his mother's remarkable good looks, while his bride is very pretty indeed, her graceful slenderness, her fair complexion, and her dark eyes and hair distinguishing her from the first moment of her appearance in Society a year ago. She belongs to the family of Hope of Luffness, who are of kin to Lord Linlithgow, and it is also curious to recall the fact that this marriage connects the houses of Lansdowne and Rosebery, for Mr. Hope is the brother of Lord Rosebery's brother-in-law.

What will Sir Edward Clarke say to Mr. Gosse and his goings-on in Paris? The great barrister by no means got the worst of it in his late controversy with the not less eminent critic, but the latter decidedly scores now. It is all very well for gentlemen of the long robe to lay down the law about English literature, but, when it comes to the point, it is the professional critic who is invited to address the *illuminati* of France. Seriously, it is a great compliment that has been paid to Mr. Gosse, and to English letters in his person, and he certainly rose to the occasion, his claim that the *Entente Cordiale* must not be confined to the merchants and the politicians, but that the poets also must have their share in it, being particularly happy. Mr. Gosse is a ruddy, pleasant-looking, spectacled man, his face full of shrewdness and intelligence, not at all resembling the popular idea of a pale student. He does not look his fifty-four years, though he has worked hard. For nearly thirty years he has been translator to the Board of Trade, and latterly the Board of Agriculture took him over as translator

when the supervision of fisheries was transferred to them. Mr. Gosse was able the other day to address an assemblage of the most eminent French writers and critics in their own language, but perhaps his favourite tongues are those of Scandinavia. He is naturally proud of his Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, the First Class of which was conferred on him by the present King. Curiously enough, he never went through any regular University course, his degrees being only honorary. The son of an eminent zoologist, he was educated privately; the British Museum was his University, and he spent eight years there as Assistant Librarian, from the time when he was eighteen.

To Succeed
Mr. Strong.

Mr. Gosse has just been appointed by the Clerk of the Parliaments to succeed the late Mr. S. A. Strong as Librarian of the House of Lords, and certainly no better choice could have been made. It is no light task to succeed such a man. Only the other day, so good a judge as Lord Reay declared that Mr. Strong's critical powers were of the highest and rarest order, and his premature death inflicted an irreparable loss on English culture. It is true that Mr. Gosse has not Mr. Strong's profound knowledge either of Oriental literature or of ancient and modern art, but still, for breadth of literary sympathies, for wide intellectual interests, and for practical knowledge of the librarian's craft there is no one who could be compared with him.

Invalids. Politicians of all camps will regret to hear of the illness of Lord Goschen

and Lord Spencer, who were former colleagues in Liberal Cabinets, then were sundered by the Home Rule split, and are now reunited in the Free Trade faith. Both have rendered in their day eminent services to the State, and, curiously enough, chiefly in the same office, that of First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Morley has revealed to us how Lord Spencer withstood the "Grand Old Man" and would not let the Navy Estimates be cut down. Mr. Goschen, as he then was, served as First Lord under both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, being "ruler of the Queen's Navee" altogether for eight years. It is probably owing to these two men that the White Ensign has still

the command of the sea, for, if England's naval power had been weaker, it is pretty certain that the Continental Anglophobia during the War in South Africa would not have been content with words, but would have been translated into deeds.

All the members both of the late and of the present Government are interested in the engagement of Mrs. Hanbury, the widow of the late President of the Board of Agriculture, and Mr. Victor Henry Bowring. Mrs. Hanbury has long been an important hostess, with a perfect genius for entertaining. She has a delightful

place in Derbyshire, Ilam Hall. Mr. Bowring is a son of the Librarian and Registrar of the Board of Trade, and the grandson of the famous diplomatist, Sir John Bowring. Mrs. Hanbury has been presented by her future bridegroom with some really marvellous jewels, including an Indian diamond butterfly and an engagement-ring consisting of three flawless stones. From her future mother-in-law has also come a unique gift, a band of diamonds which can be worn either as a belt or as a stole. The marriage, which is expected to be a very quiet one, is to take place almost at once.



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.



Photograph by Alice Hughes.

MISS ELSIE HOPE.



Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

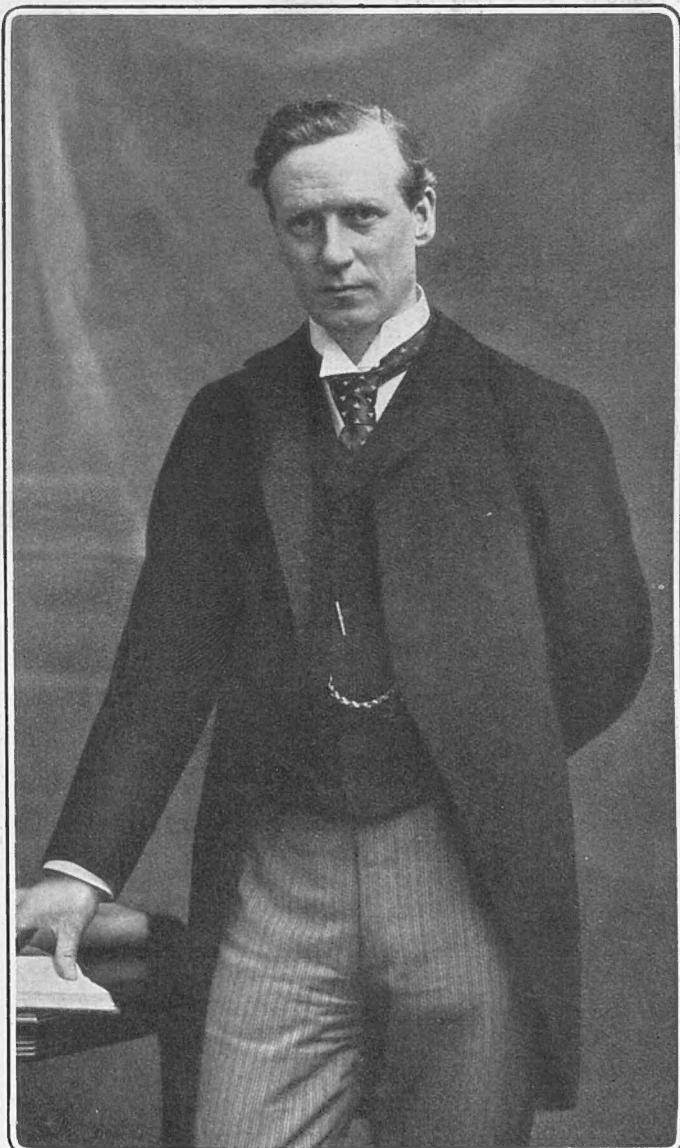
LORD KERRY.

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

A Great Debate. The House of Commons was at its best in the Fiscal debate. Usually, full-dress debates are dull, but, although this discussion continued from day to day and included many set and very long speeches, the personal element and the keenness of the dispute maintained it at a high level of interest. Veterans and young men tried to excel, and there were such displays of eloquence as have been rarely enjoyed at St. Stephen's for a generation. The different "tendencies" of different Cabinet Ministers and the struggle of rival sections of Unionists for declarations in their favour gave the debate the excitement which a good drama has for playgoers.

Outburst of a Cavendish. The Cavendishes in the House of Commons practise the silence which Thomas Carlyle preached. Mr. Victor Cavendish, although a member of the Government, looks shy when he stands at the table. His younger brother, known as "Dick" Cavendish, a modest, agreeable member, votes steadily for a whole Session without trying to catch the Speaker's eye. In the Fiscal debate, however, he could not sit silent. With the frankness of the family, and with the force which they show when aroused, Mr. Richard Cavendish attacked the Government for their quiescence during Mr. Chamberlain's campaign. He was the first Unionist to announce that he would vote for Mr. John Morley's Amendment. Perhaps he had been influenced not only by his relationship to the Duke of Devonshire, but by his association with Lord George Hamilton, whom he had served as private secretary. He is thirty-three and is married to Lady Moyra Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans. Sometimes he comes to the House on the top of an omnibus, smoking a pipe.

Mr. Powell Williams. The Chamberlain group has been broken by the death of Mr. Powell Williams. Never was a political chief more loyally served than was Mr. Chamberlain by the Member for South Birmingham. He was taken into the Government at the coalition of 1895, and did useful work at the War Office. There was some surprise when Lord Salisbury left him out in 1900, but Mr. Chamberlain had other work for so skilful and faithful an organiser. By-and-by, he became Chairman of the Management Committee of the Liberal-Unionist Association, and it was partly through his efforts that the Association was secured for the new propaganda. His sudden seizure and death caused sincere



THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT H. ASQUITH, M.P.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

regret in every quarter of the House of Commons, where he was liked by everybody on account of his humour.

Mr. Chamberlain's Friendship. It is well known that Mr. Chamberlain is a fast friend. He will never desert the man who is loyal to him, and probably he remembers a favour as long as an injury. His sorrow at the death of Mr. Powell Williams drew an interesting tribute from Mr. Morley in the House. Mr. Morley



THE COUNTESS OF KILMOREY.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

declared, amid cheers, that Mr. Chamberlain "possessed in a marked degree the genius of friendship, sincere, kind, and staunch friendship." Few now, however, are his friends on the Liberal side. Mr. Morley is one of the few. It is complained sometimes by Radicals that Mr. Morley treats Mr. Chamberlain too tenderly, but a friendship of this sort sweetens politics. It has lasted for thirty years.

A Rising Debater. Mr. Bonar Law is marked out as one of the leading figures of Parliament in the future. He is clever and industrious, and has become almost a first-class debater. The House filled to hear him in the Fiscal debate, and he held its attention for over an hour. One of his characteristics is that he never uses a note. In this respect he resembles the late Lord Salisbury. Standing at the table, with head finely set, he speaks fluently, with a certain charm. He never halts or varies his attitude, except to read an extract. A number of quotations fit for "fiscalitis" he keeps in a little pass-book, and this he used several times in the recent debate. There is one disadvantage in his avoidance of notes. Frequently, when he quotes a previous speaker, his quotation is disputed and he cannot verify it. He is, however, making rapid approach to the Cabinet.

Mr. Asquith. The shrewd, clean-shaven, eminently legal-looking countenance of Mr. Asquith is familiar to the public, who see him both in the flesh at numerous public meetings and more or less flatteringly disguised in political caricatures. Yet he is something more than a great barrister, as Mr. Gladstone perceived when he took him from the Bar, only two years after Mr. Asquith had become a "silk," and gave him the Home Secretaryship, that grave of so many reputations in the past. But it was not Mr. Asquith's political funeral; on the contrary, it was his political birth, and he has since placed himself in the front rank of Liberal Leaders by his untiring efforts all through last autumn in the cause of Free Trade. There is no harder worker living, for, in addition to his speech-making, he carries on an enormous practice at the Bar.

A Social Queen. It is difficult to realise that Lady Kilmorey is actually the mother of Lord Newry, the good-looking young Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, who will come of age next November. She is certainly a living testimony to the merits of outdoor exercise, for, even before her marriage to Lord Kilmorey, Miss Nellie Baldock, as she was then, was passionately fond of following the hounds.

Somerleyton Hall. Somerleyton Hall is one of the most splendid places in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft, and there Sir Savile and Lady Crossley often give magnificent house-parties, one of the most brilliant gatherings of the kind having taken place in honour of our Sovereign when Prince of Wales. That Sir Savile is a great favourite of the King was shown by the fact that he was chosen to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as Paymaster-General. Somerleyton Hall was built by the famous Sir H. Peto, and Lady Crossley, who has exquisite taste, has made it very charming, and the Winter Garden, in which she takes special interest, as she does in the beautiful grounds, is said to be one of the finest in the kingdom. Sir Savile and Lady Crossley spend what may be called the sporting quarter of the year in their country home, which is justly famed for its game.

King and Kaiser. Several weeks ago, I mentioned that King Edward had written to the German Emperor intimating that he would like to visit the Berlin Court in April, either before or after his proposed journey to Copenhagen on the occasion of King Christian's birthday (writes our Correspondent). Unfortunately the

Emperor, who had already arranged to spend the months of March and April in the Mediterranean, was unable to comply with the desire of his Royal uncle. In German Court circles it now appears to be assumed that King Edward will carry out his intention of visiting Berlin in May, but, in view of the many engagements of his Britannic Majesty in that month, I feel confident that the assumption of our German friends cannot be based on fact. Nor does it seem likely, in view of the abandonment of the Mediterranean tour, that King Edward will revert to his original idea of travelling to Berlin in April. Times of war are not the most suitable for Royal visits, and the conscience of German statesmen would be sorely

pricked at the present juncture by a meeting between their Sovereign and the ally of Japan. Even before the rupture of diplomatic negotiations, I understand that they had expressed to His Majesty their doubts as to whether he ought, in view of the strained relations between Russia and Great Britain, to visit Gibraltar and Malta in the course of his cruise.



MISS HILDA ANTONY,
PLAYING IN "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT
THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

whose rumoured intention of leaving the Berlin Embassy next autumn had caused widespread regret. I have the best reasons for discrediting the rumours circulated in connection with His Excellency's name. It is most unlikely, indeed, that, as long as the Ambassador remains *persona grata* both with the Emperor and Count von Bülow, the British Cabinet will decide to remove him from the German capital, where, it is understood, he himself desires to remain.

The First Japanese Battleship. The first cruiser which was bought by the Japanese in England, somewhere in the very early 'seventies, was called the *Sunray*. The day of its arrival at Yeddo, in charge of the English officers and men who had taken it out to the Far East, was a day of great rejoicing, and the Japanese crew at once went aboard. The Englishmen gave the Japanese some few hints on the working of the machinery, and then, to their astonishment, were told by the Japanese that they might go ashore. The English officers pointed out that a little more instruction would be advisable, but the Japanese were obstinate, and so they left the ship. The Japanese got up steam and went off in great style, and soon got to the other side of the Bay of Yokohama. Then the Captain wished to stop the ship, but the engineer had forgotten how to do it, and for a few minutes it looked as if the ship must inevitably run ashore full-tilt. But the Captain was equal to the occasion. He

put his helm hard over and steamed round the bay in a circle until the fires went out, when the ship was towed into port. The story is very characteristic of the self-reliance of the Japanese.

Miss Mabel Seymour Hicks.

An interesting chapter of contemporary social history might be written concerning the adopted children of well-known people. Often the amount of affection and care lavished on these little people is greater than they could have hoped to receive from their own natural parents. Such is the case with the beautiful little girl who was adopted in earliest babyhood by Mr. Seymour Hicks, and by his lovely, popular wife, known to an immense circle of playgoers as Miss Ellaline Terriss. Little Mabel is indeed a fortunate child; she is adored by her adopted parents, and she has every joy that can come to a child belonging by birth to the enchanted world of stageland. Other adopted children in Society are the clever little girl who is Princess Dolgorouki's inseparable companion, and the handsome lad who, from infancy upwards, has been the cherished child of the great explorer, Sir H. M. Stanley, and of his gifted wife.

The New Servian Ministry. The nominal Premier of

Servia is now General Grouich, but the real head is Mr. Nicolas Pachich, the Foreign Minister, who is now the leading man in the kingdom. He was born in 1845, and studied at Zürich, where he became attracted by the Socialists, and on his return home he took part in the insurrection in Bosnia in 1875. In 1883 he joined in the plot against King Milan, and was condemned to death. However, he escaped, and was pardoned when Alexander came to the throne in 1889. He was successively Mayor of Belgrade, President of the Skupstchina, Prime Minister, and Minister to St. Petersburg, but in 1898 and 1899 he was again thrown into prison for plotting against King Milan. However, he made his peace with the King, and returned to Belgrade when King Alexander married Queen Draga. He was acquainted with the plot against the King and Queen, but refused to have anything to do with it, and he is at present the man most hated and feared by the regicide officers in Servia. His accession to power is taken as a sign that King Peter has at last summoned up courage to get rid of the men who murdered his predecessor.



MISS MABEL SEYMOUR HICKS AS
"BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND."

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street.



MISS MABEL LOVE,
PLAYING IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY
LANE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

to approach the Emperor or they will be arrested. It is unfortunate that, owing to the Far Eastern affair, the Kaiser is unable to take the yachting trip he once contemplated.

The Kaiser's Health.

Since his illness the Kaiser has become nervous, and goes out very little, and no longer takes the violent exercise he

was formerly so fond of. Every morning the Emperor takes a short walk under the trees in the Thiergarten, and it used to be the custom for petitioners to wait for him and hand him their petitions, which he passed on to his Aide-de-Camp. But now, as soon as the Emperor appears, he is surrounded by policemen, who drive the crowds into the side-paths, and keep everyone at a distance as the Kaiser walks up and down. A police notice has even been inserted in the Berlin newspapers warning petitioners not

to be arrested. It is unfortunate that, owing to the Far Eastern affair, the Kaiser is unable to take the yachting trip he once contemplated.



Small Talk on the Boulevards.

OME weeks ago, I happened to meet M. Catulle Mendès at a theatrical *première* (writes our Paris Correspondent). The play, of which we had heard two Acts, was one of those witty and amusing trifles which are as inconsistent as the whip upon a tipsy-cake, and as delightful for the moment. But Catulle

Mendès disapproves of vaudeville, although I have seen him happily consuming tipsy-cake. He, as his manner is, had gathered a circle of young *littérateurs* round him, and, with the crushing fervour of Olympian Jove, was using the weight of a life's erudition to annihilate vaudevilles in general and this poor little vaudeville in particular.

I fancy, somehow, though, that when Catulle Mendès returns from Bucharest this week he will endeavour to play less upon the feelings of his audiences. The man is really and genuinely eloquent, with that peculiarly communicative fervour which all great Latin orators and very few of our phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons have possessed. But recently, in Bucharest, a lecture by M. Catulle Mendès upon French Literature excited two Roumanian journalists so much that insults followed upon their differences of opinion, a duel close upon the insults, and close upon the duel the death of one of the two combatants. Mendès, who knew nothing about the matter until the tragedy was over, was naturally horror-stricken, and his first impulse was to return straight to Paris without fulfilling any more engagements. But his friends overcame his scruples, and he has since lectured in Tirnovo and in Vienna.

The "Grand Pardon."

For some peculiar reason, mixed up obscurely with the Congregations' Law, the "Icelanders" of Paimpol have this year not celebrated their "Grand Pardon," that quaint and touching ceremonial with which the fishermen of Paimpol celebrate their last day upon land and their departure for the dangers of the deep. This festival was to have taken place upon the 14th. The streets, the church, the little harbour with its forest of tall masts, have not, however, had their customary decorations of flags and floating pennons, and this year the priest will not solemnly bless the fleet of fishermen and call for the peace of God upon the waves. For two or three Town Councillors of Paimpol who are Socialist extremists and hot Anti-Clericals succeeded in carrying a vote which, at a few days' notice, fixed the date of the Paimpol "Pardon" for Feb. 6. In consequence, there was no time to make the preparation, and on the 14th the little fleet of Breton fishermen will leave Paimpol upon its seven months' cruise without the consolation of their annual religious ceremony. Sailors are superstitious men, and I am not sure that these zealots who, by way of truckling favour with the Government, have deprived those of Paimpol of the consolation of religion have done M. Combes and his Cabinet as good a turn as they, no doubt, imagine.

A Windy Day in Paris.

I never better understood the sailor's point of view during a storm than I did a day or two ago. The sailor, as you know, when the wind blows and the

waves run high, pities those poor devils who have to stay on land and risk their lives from falling chimney-pots and rocking houses. About two o'clock, I turned into the Place de la République, and my umbrella was blown inside-out and back again before I could say "knife." My hat blew off, too, but I rescued that, and got into a doorway, from which coign of vantage I could look round me a little. The Place de la République looked as Eatanswill must have looked after the famous meeting at which the Pickwick Club was present. The ground was literally strewn with hats, smashed-up umbrellas, parcels of all shapes and sizes, and small derelicts of every kind, and it was hard to believe that the only offenders against the public peace had been those pupils of Æolus whom he had as much difficulty in controlling as the Mikado his pugnacious little people.

But when it is windy in Paris, it is windy, and you in London, till you come here, have no notion what a windy day in Paris means. The City of Light is also a city of corners and spaces, and to walk down the Rue de Rivoli on a stormy day is to do battle for your hat, umbrella, eyebrows, and false teeth with ambushed gusts which catch you and which conquer you pretty well every hundred yards, until you reach the Place de la Concorde, when you are routed by attacks from every side at once, and crawl, umbrellaless and hatless, into the nearest cab.

"Bostock's" and "The Alhambra."

Mr. Frank Bostock, whose show at the Paris Hippodrome has been such a success, writes me to say that he has bought that hitherto unlucky building, which, in spite of its position—or, perhaps, because of its position—on the Place Clichy, had, till he came to it, failed to attract Parisians in sufficient numbers for its size.

Mr. Bostock likes the French people and their ways; he says, and finds them far more appreciative than Americans. He also

"feels safe in predicting a colossal future for the Hippodrome," for which he has paid four hundred thousand pounds. He means, I understand, to give shows there twice daily, and, as the place has a seating capacity of twelve thousand, his enterprise seems likely to prove successful.

Another enterprise, which is successful, has been the purchase by Mr. Thomas Barrasford of the old Château d'Eau, which has burst upon the storm-swept neighbourhood of the Place de la République as the Alhambra, resplendent with fresh gilt and paint, and a delightful programme on English music-hall lines, including, among other "turns," the Brothers Griffiths, Gracia's Dwarf Elephants, and—for we must be up-to-date—two exceedingly clever Japanese jugglers.

The "turns" follow each other swiftly, without the wait one gets in most Parisian music-halls; the most expensive seat in the whole house costs five francs only; and Mr. Barrasford has aroused the Parisians' delight and wonderment by imposing the "no fees" system, which has ensured him columns of gratuitous advertisement in all the Paris papers.



THE LATEST SENSATION ON
THE BOULEVARDS.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IN these days, the attitude of our Government in matters relating to foreign affairs seems all too often to be founded upon the principle of "anything for a quiet life." Under these circumstances, I read with great interest Lord Lansdowne's firm language to Russia in connection with the movement of a British Mission to Lhassa. It is no longer a secret that Lord Curzon—than whom no British statesman knows more about the affairs of the Middle East—advocated an advance as far as Thibet's sacred city and the appointment there of a British Resident. The Government has expressed its unwillingness to proceed to this length, and will be content to occupy the Chumbi Valley and hold the Mission at Gyangtse, without seeking to exercise any rights in Lhassa itself. Even this step, which is strong enough to be statesmanlike and mild enough to avoid complications, has given offence at St. Petersburg, and Holy Russia, through her Ambassador, has protested very strongly.

Stripped of the diplomatic subtleties of expression that strive to make the pill of hard facts palatable by means of a coating of sweet words, the discussion as revealed by the Blue Book may be paraphrased very simply—

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR: My Government is most annoyed to see you interfering with Thibet. We've been "summering" that country for years. The integrity of the Chinese must be maintained—outside Manchuria—until Holy Russia is prepared to alter the *status quo*. You are threatening our interests in Central Asia, and, if you persist, we must protect them—as soon as we can.

LORD LANSDOWNE: Will you please tell me what interests you have in a country more than a thousand miles from the boundary of your Asiatic Empire?

THE AMBASSADOR: That's an awkward question. I give it up, but I'll write to Lamsdorff and ask. (Some months later) We hear you are going to Lhassa, and are more annoyed than ever. My Government protests against land-grabbing; you are outraging its moral sense.

LORD LANSDOWNE: Let us protest together. You against our behaviour in Thibet, and I against your behaviour in Manchuria, Persia, and Turkestan. If my protest will lead you to withdraw from the territory you have acquired and the position you've taken up there, we will leave Thibet severely alone.

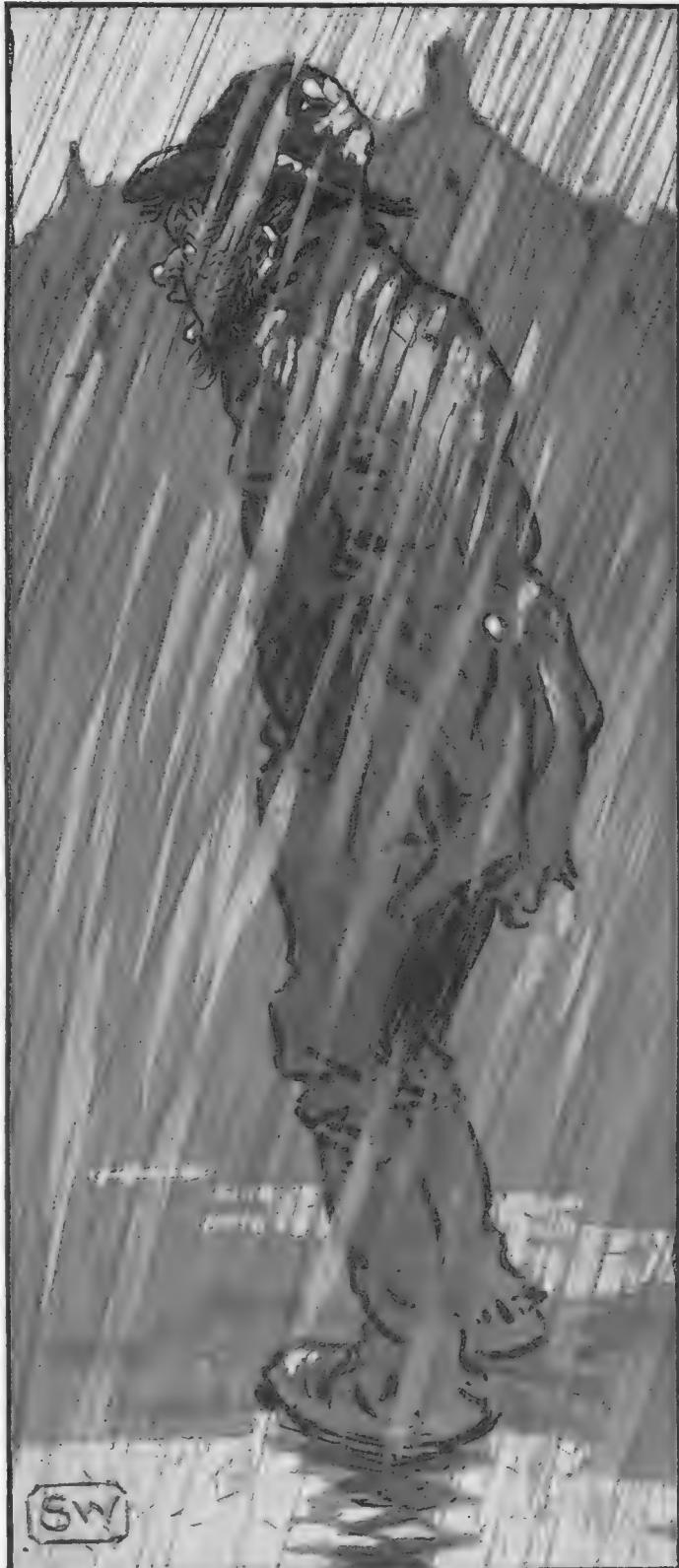
My morning paper has kept me supplied for months past with the daily history of Russia's attempts to keep on the best terms possible with the United States of America, while pacifying the Washington authorities with diplomatic fiction when they have imitated Miss Rosa Dartle and "wanted to know." To flatter American Democracy, the Czar of All the Russias received a Pressman from N'York in audience, and Count Cassini has been the hardest-worked Ambassador in Washington for a long time past, in his endeavour to explain away

inexplicable things. Unhappily for the dreams of St. Petersburg, the Chinese Government would ratify that agreement about Mukden and Antung, the United States authorities would take advantage of it, and now the Russian Press has turned upon the low-class New-World country that will not account the reception of one of its journalists by the Czar as an ample set-off against the closing of Manchuria to foreign trade. It is worth noting that the tortuous European diplomacy as represented at Washington by Count von Sternberg and Count Cassini has been a complete failure so far as the American Government's attitude to Germany and Russia is concerned.

I am sorry to see that Mr. Stead's *Daily Paper* has met with no success. The idea was an admirable one, but its execution left a good deal to be desired, so far as the paper and printing were concerned. Whether one agrees or disagrees with its founder, the fact remains that his voice sounds an interesting and individual note in every controversy, that he has opinions and the courage of them. I am sure it is good for us to read the other side of every case, even though we remain convinced that our first opinion is the right one. Infallibility is a bad thing, and for years Mr. Stead has been an active protest against it—in others. Ten years ago I remember his appeal for one hundred thousand subscribers to make his ideal paper possible, and we must sympathise with him upon the ill-success of his venture and the blow to his hopes and health. Rumour says that a wealthy American newspaper-proprietor was the late *Daily Paper*'s financier, and, if that is so, the loss has fallen where it can well be borne.

My morning paper calls attention to a rumour that the British Admiralty cannot get all the Welsh coal it requires, owing to the enormous exports to the Far East. Our Admiralty is so prompt to deal effectively with national interests that its attitude with regard to the coal-supply is quite hard to follow. Time after time, attention has been called to the magnitude of the orders given by Russian authorities, and yet the mine-owners have continued to supply their precious fuel to our great rival. If there were enough and to spare, it might be reasonable, if not altogether wise, to sell freely to all comers; but, seeing how great is the demand made upon the Welsh collieries by our own Fleet, the unwisdom of parting with the coal is manifest. It is suggested that the Admiralty should acquire a coaling-station on the South Wales coast, and

keep such a reserve stock as would make them independent of the shortage following the demands of other nations. If our fleet has to mobilise—at time of writing the contingency is not unthinkable—and the supply of best steam-coal is not adequate, there will be some very strong protests by the readers of morning papers, who, after all, pay a very large bill for an effective Fleet.



"SUNSHINE ABOVE!"

A STREET-SINGER SKETCHED AT FULHAM BY STARR WOOD.

THREE SCENES FROM "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"
THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.



"JANUARY" AND "FEBRUARY" (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN" (IN FRAME).



BALLABLE OF SWALLOWS AND SPRING-FLOWERS ("MAY").



ON THE THAMES: A BATHING SCENE ("JULY" AND "AUGUST").



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE JAILBIRD"—"THE LOVE BIRDS"—"A QUEEN'S ROMANCE."

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS' play, which now precedes "Little Mary," was a little disappointing. One expected something more brilliant from his pen than the rather Lilliputian joke on a somewhat Brobdingnagian scale which serves as basis for "The Jailbird" and would furnish Mr. W. W. Jacobs with capital material for a short comic story. There is some novelty of subject and some freshness of treatment, but less than it seemed reasonable to expect, in the story of Blufking, the really respectable smith who, having had a sentence of eight days for excessive energy in a justifiable assault, is determined that his pretty daughter shall not marry anyone who has not been in the same boat, or, to render the metaphor more accurate, the same dock. Somehow, the able novelist has not quite caught the trick of the stage; the characters are not lifelike, nor are they altogether effective as stage puppets—Dutch dolls, I should say. Miss Winifred Fraser gave a pretty performance as the Jailbird's daughter; there was humour, though hardly rich enough, in the work of Mr. Compton Coutts as her father; and Mr. Bascombe caused a good deal of laughter in the part of Peter Boll, a hypocritical, cowardly sweetheart—he must beware of the sin of exaggeration. "Little Mary" still causes roars of laughter, although the best part of Mr. Barrie's little joke disappeared on the first-night. Miss Boucicault's brilliant acting is a very important element in the success.

Possibly the somewhat negligent guardian-angel of the Savoy Theatre, feeling that, after "Naughty Nancy," the deluge would come, abandoned its functions, and, therefore, did not suffer from "The Love Birds," which certainly may be regarded as the deluge. The famous theatre must now, I suppose, be assumed to have given up its well-founded pretensions to be considered the home of comic opera. For the piece by Mr. George Grossmith junior and Mr. Raymond Roze belongs to musical comedy of the brainless type. The book, perhaps, is no worse than others of its kind; but it is in vain that one looks in it for a trace of the real wit or fine humour which used to constitute the hall-mark of the libretti of the Savoy operas. To some extent the author may be blameless, for much of the dialogue seemed to be simple gagging, and the chief "low-comedy merchant" gave one the idea that he did not care twopence about anything save his own "funiments." Mr. George Fuller Golden is said to have been exceedingly funny at the Palace Theatre as an entertainer, and, indeed, I believe the report was correct; yet in the part of Barraprop his humours were not very successful in getting across the footlights, and his stale device of introducing comicalities by such a phrase as, "Business of young actor leaving a drawing-room," and the like, fell rather flat. Even an audience obviously appreciative of the most elementary forms of comicality failed to laugh at some of his jokes—or Mr. Grossmith's.

By-the-bye, I think a protest ought to be made concerning a song called "The Programme Girl." For more years than I care to reckon, I have visited the West-End theatres a hundred times or more per annum, and have noticed as an agreeable feature—it is one that amazes the Parisian playgoer when in London—the propriety of conduct of the ladies who sell or give programmes and indicate seats. Many, in a sense, are old friends of mine, once, within my knowledge, young and pretty, and now, like myself, neither the one nor the other; yet we are not even on a nodding acquaintance. Many are now young and pretty, and almost all—I will not say there may not be exceptions, but they are rare—behave with admirable courtesy, tact, and modesty. It seems to me, then, that a song suggesting that they pester people for tips, and are in the habit of being kissed by playgoers, of carrying messages behind the scenes, and even, when asked to convey a note to the leading lady, of suggesting that they should take her place for the purpose of the note, seems to me utterly unfounded and exceedingly unfair. It is not certain who is the author of the verses.

The work is of the customary kind in most respects, save that it has three instead of two Acts—an advantage, since there is an extra interval. It begins with a sort of plot conducted without skill and occasionally lost altogether. The songs, as a rule, are lugged in clumsily and are not pertinent to the intrigue, and the jokes are dropped in and do not really arise out of the situation or normal trend of the dialogue. Such things, certainly, have been said truly concerning many successful works of its class, and, if "The Love Birds" enjoys a long run, may be regarded as an almost irrelevant kind of criticism. For it has often been asserted that these works do not really invite criticism, and that we of the craft are merely in the light of tasters—with somewhat jaded palates—whose duty it is to say

whether those who like the go-as-you-please, musico-dramatic pieces will be pleased by a particular specimen. Accepting this view, I should say that there was a fair amount of laughter and applause, chiefly, so far as I could see, confined to particular members of the audience—in saying this I do not for a moment suggest that there was a "claque"—but that there were substantial signs of discontent towards and at the close of the performance. This, of course, does not prove that it will not enjoy success. Possibly there were some old Savoy first-nighters in the house, and they certainly can have found little pleasure in the work, and may have expressed their feelings. Moreover, as money has been spent lavishly, it may be possible to work up the piece into success.

Mr. Raymond Roze's music has some very bright, taking tunes and clever orchestration, but occasionally he is too anxious that his work should not be on a higher plane than that of the authors. Miss Kate Cutler, who deserves very much better employment, made the most of a poor part as one of the "love birds." Miss Blanche Ring sang a couple of songs effectively, and Mr. Longley acted cleverly as the brainless "dude" without which such pieces are deemed incomplete.

Mr. John Davidson evidently thinks that the stomachs of our playgoers are weak, and so has pre-digested "Ruy Blas" for them. Perhaps he is right. Playgoers fed on such fare as of late has been our staple may find the five-Act tragedy of Victor Hugo which still holds sway in France unmutilated a rather severe meal. No one can complain of "A Queen's Romance," so far as this is concerned. The famous hundred-line speech beginning "Bon appétit, Messieurs!" which most Frenchmen know (or have known) by heart drops to thirty-eight. Five Acts shrink to three. Local colour has been sliced off, semi-philosophic meditations have gone, some clever scenes have disappeared, and there is left a vigorous melodrama, written, however, chiefly in admirable blank-verse.

A French criticism on Mr. Davidson's piece would be worth reading. Perhaps, however, "A Queen's Romance" is an insidious vengeance for some Gallic misrepresentations of Shakspere. These considerations, no doubt, may have little weight with the ordinary playgoer, who will merely ask whether the outcome is an interesting play or not, and whether Mrs. Pat Campbell and Lewis Waller have good parts and play them as well as may be expected. The thinkers, to whom Victor Hugo referred in his preface to the third edition of the play as constituting part of the audience, are not so easily satisfied, and many of them will come to the conclusion that the author has somewhat over-dissembled his love for a play well entitled to the reverent treatment due to the works of genius.

The fact is that he has not selected with judgment. The entertaining scene in which the Queen sends Don Guritan off on a wild-goose chase is omitted, whilst towards the beginning of the third Act a long comic scene—the poorest scene in the original—is retained, and keeps the audience waiting impatiently for the piece to go on till impatience is exhausted and cold indifference tends to set in. Moreover, his attempted improvements—as in changing the King's letter and causing the Queen to declare her naughty love at the end of fifteen minutes instead of six months—are needless and prejudicial. Mr. Davidson is a real poet, as the work shows, even if some lines limp, but certainly not dramatist enough to improve Hugo.

The contrast in style between Mrs. Pat and Mr. Waller is curious, interesting, and somewhat unfortunate. It is undeniable that his method is more suitable than hers to the simplified, melodramatised version. She looked exquisite, was full of mysterious charm, moved with strange grace even in monstrous hoops—I would not have missed her performance on any account—and yet, when it came to the storm and stress of the last scene, her quiet acting seemed tame by Mr. Waller's brave work, and his passion appeared excessive in contrast with her restraint. Yet Mr. Waller has his fine moments in a somewhat uneven performance. Undoubtedly he would have been better had more of the character been retained, so that we had the man of fairly complex character imagined by the author instead of the mannikin hacked out of it. Mr. Thomas Kingston had a heavy task as the light-fingered Don Cæsar, and got through it very well, though he should try to give the suggestion of breeding necessary to render the rascal poetical. Mr. Arthur Lewis was comic as the lackey; yet, despite his skill, we had far too much of his scene. Mr. Charles Fulton was an effective Don Salluste.



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE,

WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING IN "BOLD ROBIN HOOD," AT THE THEATRE ROVAL, MANCHESTER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

THE names of scientific men are by no means familiar as household words in the mouth of the "Man in the Street." To this rule Sir William Ramsay is an exception, as he is an exceptional man of science. His researches have been so remarkable, his discoveries so extraordinary, that, did we not live in so matter-

of-fact a century, he might almost be regarded as the reincarnated spirit of some old-world necromancer who boasted of his ascendancy over the Spirit of Evil and used Beelzebub as a willing slave.

Yet, in spite of his sensational discoveries, there is no less sensational man to be found in the scientific world, where law and order move by well-regulated steps along the path of logical deduction. Tall and spare, with bright eyes and an



"TAKE A CIGAR, SIT DOWN, AND DON'T SPEAK FOR TEN MINUTES."

ever-ready smile, he gives the lie direct to the typical conception of a Scotchman as an individual whom it is difficult to make see a joke. Perhaps Sir William's keen sense of humour is one of his most striking characteristics, as it is certainly one of the reasons for his great popularity.

With radium his name is, for the moment, indissolubly connected in the public mind, as with radium certain of his discoveries have gone to show that the old dream of the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, which characterised the work of the mediæval astrologers, might not altogether be a "chimera, a vain imagining." Sir William has shown how radium can change into something which is not radium, but helium, an entirely different substance. Incidentally, the fact throws an interesting light on the extraordinarily small quantities of material with which he is in the habit of working. He had in a sealed tube a salt of radium which, he noticed, gave off a luminous gas. He collected this and examined it with the spectroscope, when he found that it contained helium. This grew brighter and brighter as time went on, while the spectrum of the luminous gas grew less and less distinct. It thus appeared that radium is continually decomposing into a luminous gas or emanation, and this emanation again decomposes into helium. Incidentally, the glass tube containing the emanation changed colour, becoming grey in some cases and purple in others. Why, under these circumstances, the glass changes colour is a matter which Sir William Ramsay has to find out. The quantity of material he used, as the result of collecting the gas for two months, would not fill much more than the space of a small pin's head, supposing it were hollow.

For working with such fractional quantities of gas special apparatus has to be made, for nothing the ordinary chemical-apparatus manufacturer has in stock would serve for such delicate manipulations. All Sir William's apparatus is, as a matter of fact, devised and made by himself, and the greatest care has to be exercised in its manipulation, it is so delicately drawn.

Some idea of the disappointments of the scientific man is furnished by an incident which happened only a couple of months ago.

Sir William and his assistant, Mr. Soddy, had been collecting the gas given off by radium for two months, in order to get enough to make an experiment. "I think we have got enough," said Mr. Soddy one afternoon; "shall we make the experiment?" "Yes, if you like," replied Sir William. The experiment was begun. The next moment the glass cracked. "The fortune of war," as the fantastical Spaniard in "Love's Labour's Lost" remarked. But the experiment was over for the day, and the two scientific men looked at the crack with the certain knowledge that at least two months more must elapse before they could get enough radium-emanation for the repeating of the experiment, and even then there was no certainty that the same accident might not happen again.

It was, it need hardly be said, the discovery of the new gases of the atmosphere which first brought Sir William's name before the public exactly nine years ago. The first of these, argon, was the result of joint experiments undertaken by Sir William and Lord Rayleigh. It was in 1894 that Lord Rayleigh wrote to a scientific paper asking whether anyone could explain how it was that the nitrogen of the atmosphere was heavier than the same gas prepared in the chemical laboratory. To determine whether this was not due to the pressure of some gas in air heavier than nitrogen, the two scientists agreed to work together, and they isolated argon, whose existence was made public at a meeting of the British Association held in Oxford. It is curious to reflect that this discovery might have been made nearly ten years before. Sir William was reading Wilson's "Life of Cavendish," when he was struck with the following passage: "If

there is any part of the phlogisticated air of our atmosphere which differs from the rest and cannot be reduced in nitrous acid, we may safely conclude that it is not more than a hundred-and-twentieth part of the whole." So struck was Sir William with the phrase that he wrote in the margin of the book, "Look into this." The three words in pencil must still serve as a reminder of a result that might have been obtained much earlier whenever he takes the volume from its place in the ample bookcases with which his study is lined. Those cases contain, for the most part, the Proceedings of the various European Scientific Societies of which Sir William is a regular or an honorary member. The records he can read in their original language, for he is an accomplished linguist, reading every European language easily, except the Russian group, though, to counterbalance this, he has a slight acquaintance with the Celtic languages, an unusual accomplishment. There is nothing, however, in



"NOW LET US GO INTO THE LABORATORY."

the nature of a laboratory or anything for the making of chemical experiments at home, everything of this nature being done at University College, where, no one will need reminding, Sir William occupies the Chair of Professor of Chemistry. To this he was elected in 1887, when he was Principal of University College, Bristol, as well as Professor of Chemistry. At Bristol, Sir William had an unusual experience. He went there as Professor of Chemistry,



"A KNOWLEDGE OF GLASS-WORKING IS ALMOST ESSENTIAL TO THE PHYSICIST."

LXXVII.—SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.



"A GOOD BLOWPIPE IS ALSO VERY USEFUL."

"YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME RADIUM?
IT IS NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT.""BUT ONE OF ITS PROPERTIES—THAT OF
DISCHARGING AN ELECTROSCOPE—"

Professor Marshall being the Principal. In the course of only a few months, Professor Marshall resigned, and Sir William was made Principal, though he did not give up his lectures.

In another year or so, Professor Marshall returned as Professor of Political Economy, and so was under the man over whom only twelve months before he had held the superior position. It was a curious situation, to say the least, but it made no difference to them at all.

Sir William's career cannot fail to be interesting to those who believe in the force of heredity. Both on his father's and mother's side his relations are scientists. His paternal grandfather was a manufacturing chemist, his father was a civil engineer, while his maternal grandfather was a doctor, as were all his sons.

Sir William was sent to school at the Glasgow Academy, and subsequently to the University, where, it almost goes without the saying, in view of his later achievements, his chemical studies were conspicuously slight. Chemistry, indeed, was the very last subject which his advisers recommended should occupy his attention. Mr. Ramsay, Sir William's father, took his son one day to Professor Anderson, the then Professor of Chemistry at the University of Glasgow, in order to talk over the boy's future. "Whatever you do, don't make the lad a chemist," said the Professor; "there are too many blanks and too few prizes in the profession."

To the man with the true scientific spirit the world's blanks are often prizes, and Sir William knew what was best for himself if no one else did. He went into the laboratory of an analyst and attended the lectures of Lord Kelvin, in whose class he did not carry off the chief but only the third prize. Then he went to the University of Tübingen for between two and three years. After taking his degree there, he came back to England, and at twenty-one became Assistant to the Technical Chair of Chemistry at what is now Anderson's College. Then he went as Tutorial Assistant of Chemistry to Glasgow University for six years, when he was appointed to University College, Bristol.

After argon, Sir William discovered helium in certain minerals; and then came krypton, which was unexpectedly vouchsafed to him, for he was not looking for it. It was one of the first gifts liquid-air made to Sir William.

When there was a possibility of manufacturing it on a larger scale than had hitherto been the case, some was sent to him and he "played with it," as he has humorously expressed it. When it had, so to speak, boiled away in the open air, he determined to examine the residue, and there was krypton waiting to be discovered. Then he and Mr. Travers, who was working with him, began to look out for other gases, and found neon, while later still came xenon, only one part of which is to be found in seventy million parts of air—a fraction so infinitesimal that the whole quantity Sir William has been able to get during all his experiments would only fill a lady's thimble.



"—IS VERY INTERESTING."



"THIS IS THE APPARATUS BY WHICH I DEMONSTRATE THAT RADIUM GENERATES HELIUM."

"AND THAT REMINDS ME— EH? OH, YES,
GOOD-NIGHT."

TWO FAVOURITES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS LETTY LIND AND HER PET DONKEY.



MISS AGNES FRASER (MRS. WALTER PASSMORE) AND SOME FAITHFUL FRIENDS

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES

XXXVII.—SOMERLEYTON HALL. (*See Page 156.*)

SOMERLEYTON HALL, NEAR LOWESTOFT, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, M.P.



VIEW OF THE ITALIAN GARDEN FROM THE HOUSE.

A "GAGGLE" OF GEESE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by A. GUACCIMANNI.

FATHER WILLIAM stood by the door of his cottage, two capes, including the red one, upon his shoulders, and the long staff, without which he does not stir abroad, in his left hand. With the right he pointed to the Whitewater River.

"True as I'm alive," he panted. "Last evenin' I were sittin' by th' fire an' I heerd th' baker's cart stop at me neighbour's. An' it

were there a long time, an' I jest went outside to see what they were talkin' about. She's a rare one for talkin' an' makin' mischief; don't you'ave nothin' to do wi' them—all a bad lot, an' well I knows it. But there, I don't interfere wi' my neighbours, nor even speakabout'em, an' nobody can't say I do. An' jest as I were stoppin' to get me breath by th' door, I seed a great gaggle o' geese flightin' right over th' meadow, a wunnerful way up; an', thinks I, 'I'll tell 'im. An' then, mebbe, 'e'll gie me some small bird or a rabbit, an' it'll make a nice mess

were signs that, before long, the violets would arrive and spoil the scent for the hunt. And, while I noted these signs of spring with deep appreciation, the cry "Mark cock!" recalled me to my senses, just in time to see Mr. Scolopax and miss him neatly with two barrels. To moralise, botanise, and shoot at one and the same time is a very complicated task, and presents difficulties I have not yet learned to overcome.

Happily, some rabbits, tempted into the meadow beyond the wood by the fine sunshine, afforded a few exciting moments that made my sins forgotten.

In the afternoon, we returned to certain selected places by the estuary, and, when the wild-fowl came over at flight-time, one fine mallard stopped and fell without flutter of feather, while two wigeon sank marshwards, to be retrieved presently. But never sight or sound of the geese came to gladden our eyes or ears. So we adjourned to the wood on the brow of the hill and waited just within its shadow. Presently the wood-pigeons arrived in strong flight from the lands they had been devastating. They gave brief, pretty sporting-shots, paid tribute, and darted away in search of some more quiet resting-place. So quickly did these birds travel, so strong was their flight, that within a very few minutes of the arrival and departure of one group another would arrive, never having heard the guns, and, taking flight as quickly as the preceding crowd, would soon be replaced. Father William accepted a small gilt from the game-bag and wondered at the shameful behaviour of "they geese."

Yet another day came laden with great gift of sunshine, and giving the woods the peculiar grey-green tint that is ever the harbinger of spring. Fur was afield in plenty and partridges called on all sides, but these latter remained unchallenged, for the coveys had broken and the birds were wandering in pairs. Strange that, while they travelled together, they were wild as hawks, and, now the winter was on the wane and they were preparing to mate, all fear had left them. Over the country-side in the last days of January Nature was preparing for another season securely as if February had no snow, ice, and cold winds to nip the opening buds.

We went home with the fall of the evening, for, though the wind had risen, it would not bring the wild-fowl over, and the wood could not be expected to hold anything. On the road I met the baker, solitary in his high cart. The horse, tired with the long round, moved very slowly.

"Did you see or hear the grey geese on Tuesday night?" I said.

"No," replied the baker, and smiled.

"Tell me," I said, briefly.

"There weren't never none, I dew believe," declared the countryman. "But when I were at Mrs. Wiseman's cottage 'bout a cake she wants me to bake, Father William 'e come a-nosin' round; and when I come out an' caught 'im sudden-like, 'e said 'e'd just come out to tell me o' they geese. 'E's a cunnin' old fox is Father William, to my thinkin', an' never seed no geese whatsmenever."

I fancy the baker's theories are correct.



WAITING FOR FLIGHT-TIME.

for an old man as can't champ no 'ard wittles."

"Geese?" I said; for, though we have mallard and wigeon in plenty when the weather is cold, the larger birds are scarce.

"I ain't told ye no lie," said Father William, testily. "There ain't nobody can't say I ain't a right-for'ard man an' allus has been." And with that he wandered off to tell me the exact history of a man who once called him a liar and during that very ensuing winter tumbled off a ladder and broke his neck. Father William has firm faith in Providence.

A "gaggle" of geese being worth waiting for, we went down on to the marshes before flight-time that afternoon and froze cheerfully without any sporting result at all. We heard curlew calling, and saw sea-gulls and rooks, a rare study in black and white, raiding the new-ploughed lands. Golden plover walked steadily over the grass-fields, their breast-feathers that are black in summer now turned to a yellowy white. There were a few mallard to be seen far-off on fresh water, but any attempt to stalk them alarmed the little redshanks that were busy on the mud, and they sounded a warning note to which all bigger birds responded at once. Oxbirds and redshanks seemed to be present in larger quantities than ever, perhaps on account of the winter's severity. Truth to tell, I had no hope that geese would pass within shot, but thought that, if they would show themselves, it would be possible to locate their feeding-grounds, and take advantage of the first night that brought wind, tide, and moon into the service of wild-fowlers.

When the light had gone, we went home to thaw and dream of grey geese; and on the following morning varied the journey by calling in the Heron Wood on chance of finding a woodcock flitting shyly through the maze of trees. Although January had yet a day or two to run, bullfinches were piping merrily, a little wren was singing at the top of his voice and would not stop on our account. Winter aconite, primroses, and early snowdrops were to be seen in shady places; there



TWO WIGEON SANK MARSHWARDS.



PREPARED TO RECEIVE WOOD-PIGEONS.

Tennyson's Heroines. * *Drawn by A. Forestier.*

X.—“THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.”

“One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side.”

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M R. WILLIAM ARCHER'S "Real Conversations" have been reprinted, with an introduction, from the *Pall Mall Magazine* (Heinemann). How far are they "real"? Mr. Archer tells us that "in only one case was the services of a shorthand-writer called in. . . . Compression and selection were necessary in every instance. A good deal more was said than I could or would reproduce. Some of my interlocutors did me the honour to say things which they knew I would not set down. But nothing is set down that was not really said; and although—being no mimic—I may here and there have unwittingly imposed my own vocabulary and forms of speech upon my interlocutor, I aver with some confidence that I have in all cases faithfully represented his (or her) attitude of mind during the two or three hours he (or she) was good enough to bestow upon me."

Mr. Archer is, without doubt, fully justified in what he has claimed. I have myself had the honour of talking with some of his subjects, and recognise their opinions, and, here and there, a faint trace of their styles. But that is all. To be "real," a conversation should be reported without the speaker's knowing that it is reported. The experiment has been tried, to my knowledge, and the result proves that people differ in their way of talking just as much as they differ in their way of writing. Selection is necessary, for there is a good deal

of repetition in actual talk. As his note-books prove, even Boswell, the greatest of reporters, selected, and even heightened his effects at times. But he attained reality and Mr. Archer does not. Mr. Hardy does not talk like Mr. Heinemann, and neither of them talks like "John Oliver Hobbes." But in this book all the people talk like Mr. Archer, and Mr. Archer talks nearly as much as all the rest put together.

I do not complain: Mr. Archer is a very clever man and well worth listening to. He has elicited some interesting facts and comments from notable men and women, and has made up a pleasant and readable volume. But he has done nothing to solve the great problem, which will yet be seriously attacked: How are we to conserve something of all the brilliant talk unceasingly given forth and forgotten almost as soon as it is uttered? Some writers are better than their books; and some talkers who never attempt authorship habitually discourse "pearls and rubies." Yet there are not twelve volumes of "good talk" in the English language.

Mr. Hardy tells us that he used to write love-letters for the village girls; that he was sent for, when an architect's pupil, to sketch village churches, in order to their restoration; that he has seen with his own

eyes old relics of paganism; and that rural superstitions, though dying out on the surface, still have life. Though most anxious to believe in the supernatural, Mr. Hardy sees no evidence for it. In all the researches of the Psychical Society he finds nothing that carries conviction. People call him a pessimist, and, if it is pessimism to think that "not to have been born is best," then he does not reject the designation. But his practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist. Whatever may be the inherent good or evil of life, it is certain that men make it much worse than it need be. War is doomed, though the Press does its best to keep it alive, and is for this reason one of the chief dangers of the twentieth century. Mr. Hardy is of opinion that, while favourable criticism may be unsigned, the critic should be bound to take the responsibility of the unfavourable judgment. There should be no stabbing in the dark. Not that he personally wishes to complain of criticism, signed or unsigned. Mr. Hardy, however, has occasionally answered his critics with considerable effect, and it is no secret that he was discouraged by the reception of "Jude the Obscure."

Mr. Archer found Mr. George Moore on the point of spreading his wings for Ireland. Mr. Moore declared that Walter Pater was the last great writer of English. "And now—now that English has become the battered instrument of ten thousand journalists, from Mr. Kipling downwards, all the world over—who can hope to extract a single pure tone from it?" Literature is to take refuge in the small languages, the virgin languages, and English is to work out its destiny as the Volapuk of commerce and wholesale fiction.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert tells us that Sullivan never suggested a rhythm to him. The verse always preceded the music or even any hint of it. He found his best working-time to be between eleven and three in the morning. "Then you have absolute peace—the postman has done his worst, and no one can interrupt you, unless it be a burglar."

One of the best and most suggestive conversations is that with Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Heinemann, who knows the foreign publishing trade as well as he knows the English, has hope in the growing intelligence of the bookseller. He would have a body of selected and trained booksellers all over the country, to whom publishers would give dépôts of books on sale, and say to them, "Now sell these—don't merely wait till people come to buy them, but *sell* them—that is your business." Mr. Heinemann does not approve of the literary agent. Authors should employ solicitors to look after their business interests if they cannot take care of themselves. But would a solicitor undertake to sell a novel for a client? I doubt it.—o. o.

[DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE]

SARCASTIC CADDIE: *It's no use you 'untin', Guv'nor; the 'idden treasure's bin found!*





"I HAVE been given my *congé*," he said; "I am not to see her again. So there is nothing left for me but to remove myself—and the farther the better! No, she didn't say that—I say it; for mightn't I just as well put a thousand miles between us as one? So I am here this afternoon to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she echoed, and her voice trailed into silence.

He hardly seemed to hear her; he had a fashion of being entirely engrossed. He had also acquired a habit of telling her all the details, as they occurred, of his courtship—the siege of a heart that had ended in failure. In the beginning it had been understood between them to be for her benefit, to build up a living document from which she might draw new stores of inspiration; real history, throbbing with actual life, on which she might sharpen her pen and her fancy.

Not that he had taken the matter very seriously at first—seriousness had grown out of custom. For he had never really seen that she was as unlikely to take his brother men's fancy—and so gather material first-hand—as she maintained, never had thought her as plain as she believed. There was, indeed, a shy charm about her small, pale face, in her large, earnest eyes, that sufficiently coloured the giving of his confidences from a picturesque as well as a utilitarian point of view. Moreover, she was extremely ingenious in suggesting means towards the furthering of his desired end that his man's wit might often, he confessed, have overlooked. And, in cases of disappointment, she was more ingenious still in twisting about unwelcome and undesirable fact a glamour of possible benefit yet to be won out of further striving.

So that his good things had seldom appeared wholly good to him until she had shared them, while each defeat had been softened to his memory by the veil her sympathy subsequently drew over it.

"Good-bye," he said again. "Yes, I must be going... But I couldn't go without thanking you, could I, for all the patience with which you've borne with me for so long? And yet"—he frowned abstractedly—"perhaps it was cruel kindness, after all. If you'd called me an ass and done with it—right at the start, you know—"

"But it's not," she objected, "a word I ever use." As a writer, she was obliged to be particular as to wording.

Yet she looked so distressed that he softened his sentence. "If an ass can be pig-headed," he said, "I am that sort of ass, and so it might not have worked."

"You know," she said, brightening a little, "that it wouldn't have worked." Then, overcome by her natural honesty, she added, "except to make you never speak to me any more."

And again she looked so distressed that he tempered his private opinion to her obvious necessity.

"Nonsense!" he said. "One word! And such a little one!"

"But there can be," she objected, "there is a good deal in one word sometimes. Look, then, at this word that you have come here this afternoon to say; for example we don't need to go farther afield than that. 'Good-bye!' A word so soon over, so quickly said, and containing a heart-break. Standing for that!"

Tears filled her earnest eyes; she held out her hands. "Oh," she said, "I am so sorry! So sorry for you!"

It had been understood between them that his heart would be broken if that came to pass which had actually happened, if he only earned in the long run a definite dismissal for all his pains. He accepted the broken heart as she credited him with it without protest; he did not even pause to consider how strangely similar were his sensations before and after the fracture of that vital organ.

"Soon over—why, yes," he agreed. "Good-bye would soon be said if it held two heart-breaks in it instead of one."

"How—what do you mean?" she cried.

"Well, if she had loved me and yet something had parted us."

"Oh, that? You meant that? Well, yes, that might have been—if you had both loved—and neither of you had loved very much."

She hesitated; her earnest eyes were on the ground. Overcome by a sudden impulse, he stepped closer to her.

"What did you think I meant?" he demanded.

"Nothing—I don't know—what should I think?" Then she raised her eyes bravely, though a quick, painful colour dyed her face. "I will tell you," she said; "and it was something so ridiculous you will hardly believe it: something that I thought you were going to accuse yourself of, perhaps, and that wasn't—that wasn't true. I thought that, perhaps, you were thinking that I—that I—that mine might—that the second heart-break you were speaking about might belong to me"—she turned her face further from him—"caused by—well, by your good-bye."

Sometimes, when one has known a thing for months with no active realisation of the knowledge, when it has lain long in a bush unfaced, unregarded, in some dim corner of one's consciousness, it yet comes as a great, a paralysing shock when at last one is called upon to face and to regard it—as great a shock as any man is called upon to bear. On the whole, he bore it well and bravely, managing to very nearly hide his astonishment altogether, and helped in this by a wonderful new feeling he could not wait to analyse. He seemed to brush aside her trembling

words, her faint, half-expressed excuses, while seizing with absolute assurance on the thing easiest to combat.

"It was true!" he said. "At least, I believe that, more or less, it would be true if I said it; would be true if I went away saying goodbye and leaving you behind. If you didn't break a heart, you would be very, very sorry; you would be lonely. Oh, I know I am saying this all the wrong way round, but your words have made me see so much that I have been blind to—no, not only in you, but in myself. I'll swear it if you like—I do swear it! And you love me—"

"I don't!"

"Well, then, aren't you ashamed of yourself to have turned my love from that other, only to give me a second and a harder blow?"

"I—I"—and her face was uplifted and her face was alight—"I can't have done it! It isn't possible!"

"What? The blow?"

"No, your love—turning—what you said!"

"It's the solemn truth," he answered. "And though I suppose I didn't know it a minute ago, I feel to have known it all through. Now you've believed all I've told you concerning my supposed love for that other"—his voice dropped, and there was a note in it of tenderness, of pleading—"aren't you going to believe what I tell you about my real love—for you?"

But she did not answer, did not even look at him.

"I've so often wondered," he said, "why I enjoyed telling you about things afterwards, even the things I thought I enjoyed most, rather more than the things themselves. Now I know."

Still she did not answer.

"I've got into such a habit of telling you things—you must come with me if for that reason alone, so that I can still keep you posted up in my love-affair, that shall be lifelong and dedicated to you."

"Oh," she said, suddenly, "it is so hard to be sure! If I thought you were acting out of pity—pretending because of my poor words, my foolish, tripping tongue, my silly, transparent face—"

But he interrupted her. "Before Heaven," he cried, "if I had the two of you before me now and the choice was mine, I would choose you—and never, never regret it!"

"There is such a thing as injured pride," she said.

"There is such a thing as love that won't be denied," he said. "If words won't convince you, there are kisses left." So he bent to kiss her. "Thank God there are kisses left!" he whispered.

She held him off for a moment and her eyes shone up at him.

"Amen," said she.

The other girl could hardly have chosen a more inopportune time for her arrival, but there is no gainsaying the fact that if she had not come calling up the stairs, "Alice! Oh, are you there, Alice?" with a rustle of silken skirts and a jingling of trinkets to herald her approach, she would undoubtedly have seen more than she actually saw. For heightened colour on two faces, neither of them remarkable for colour in an ordinary way, attitudes that were strained and unnatural, and a silence that was more unnatural still, these things she took no notice of at all, being engrossed with what she had come to say and her desperate need of saying it.

"Alice," she said, "I have been hurrying so! I hoped so to find you in! You'd be sure to know, I told myself, where he's to be found; you always seem to know so much about him. And I must find him—must—and at once! I sent him away, and told him never to come to me again, never to let me see him again; and then, when he was gone, I found that—"

From where he stood at the window the man stepped forward, and the new-comer gave a little cry of mingled surprise and delight. "You are here!" she said. "That is good!"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I am here, and I want to tell you how here I have found what I failed to find elsewhere—a love that"—he was going to say "that knew its own mind," and paused and did not say it—"a love that is as wonderful as it is precious. I am going away, as you bid me, but not alone, for Alice is going with me as my wife—my dear, dear wife; and so"—he spoke slowly, to give her all the time for recovering that he could, for only such a little while ago he had thought himself in love with her—"and so I shall not have the cheerless journey that I feared lay before me, that I spoke of when I left you. Kindly Fate—and Alice—have turned it into a honeymoon, and I know that you will be glad to be the first to wish us happiness."

"Why, yes, it was to wish you joy upon your honeymoon that I came," she said, "that I was hurrying so!" If her eyes said "with another bride," only her eyes betrayed her; and even her eyes she schooled in a moment to match her smiling mouth. "Everyone knew you were in love with Alice all the time—except just you and Alice—"

"And what everyone knows must be right?" he questioned.

"Why, certainly," she said, "when there are two exceptions to prove it so surely?"

"Surely it must be right, then?" he echoed, and turned to Alice.

But Alice, if she could write well, was but an indifferent actress, as has been shown.

"Oh, why aren't you two?" asked Alice.





THE FLIRT'S CIGARETTE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



SIGNS OF SPRING.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.



THE FATE OF MR. ROOPER.

By R. E. VERNÈDE.

DESTINY, in the shape of a small, sharp-faced page-boy—the kind of boy who, if discovered playing chuck-penny while supposed to be on an errand, would not fail to convince his employer that he had stopped only to point out to the other lads the viciousness of their ways—mounted the stairs to the Hall of Mystery, where Madame Zoleska, Palmist and Seeress, was waiting to grant audiences to those anxious to peer into the future.

The Hall of Mystery had recently been a bedroom in a lodging-house, for Madame was only paying a short visit to Burminster to give the provincials a chance—Magistrates being rather tiresome in London—but it was heavily draped and curtained now, and the Seeress herself, in a flowing black robe and hair elaborately dishevelled, appeared thoroughly mysterious. She looked up briskly from the pages of a note-book as the boy entered.

"Well, Bill?" she said.

Bill, known as Xeranthes in the presence of visitors, chuckled.

"Lady an' genelman—spoony," he said.

"Names?" demanded the Seeress.

"She called 'im 'Mr. Rooper,' an' 'e called her 'Charlitt.'"

"Ah!" said the Seeress, reflectively. "Good—I think I've got them down," and she began to turn to "R" in her note-book. "They want their fortunes told, I suppose?"

"Yes 'm," said Bill. "And they oughter pay. Kerridge-folk—lady hall a-rustle in silk an' the genelman nerviss. First, he calls me 'Sir,' and then 'Me good lad.' Lor', 'e'd swaller whales!"

"I think he would, Bill," said Madame; "I believe you are right."

She read out from her memoranda: "'Rooper—Augustus FitzAlyn—of the Manor House—rent-roll estimated at eight thousand a-year. Lives with his mother and distant cousin, Miss Charlotte Macgregor. Brought up at home. Nothing eventful known except that he had whooping-cough badly at age of five and is fond of playing the flute. Mother looks forward to his early marriage, but fears he is a great catch and will be married for his money. Favours alliance with Miss Macgregor. Augustus irresolute—would prefer a romantic match. Superstitious—likely to call.' I got that out of that Mrs. Smith who came on Tuesday," continued the Seeress. "It's great luck. I really think, Bill, we ought to make a good thing out of this. I'll see Miss Macgregor first."

"She ain't a fool," said Bill, warily, "no more'n she ain't a syringe."

The Seeress gave him a reassuring nod.

"If she were a siren, Bill, this Mr. Rooper would propose without being told to. As it is, she wants him and she'll be glad of my assistance. It is most lucky having got all that information. Otherwise, I should only have been able to make my guinea. Is the ink in the Magic Bowl? Very well. Put out the Zodiac, and show her up."

As the boy went off, the Seeress arranged herself in a trance-like attitude, and fell into meditation. She could discern already quite a small fortune in the immediate future, if all went well. And she would astonish them. But it is ordained that not everyone shall possess the bump of faith. That same Providence which had supplied Miss Macgregor with much common-sense, that somewhat intolerant demeanour which prevented her from appearing a siren in the eyes of Bill, and a mothering feeling towards Mr. Rooper which induced her to humour his absurd whims, had omitted to supply her with a belief in the virtues of palmistry. She was ushered in sniffing, and it was clear that she did not appreciate the atmosphere of Nirvana with which the Seeress had surrounded herself.

"It's very dark in here," she said, abruptly.

"The Hall of Mystery is ever darkened," said the Seeress, in her sonorous voice.

"Not if you pull up the blinds," said Miss Macgregor. "And it would be much less stuffy if you also opened the windows. . . . But I suppose it's part of the business. This is your Hall, is it?"

"It is the Hall of Mystery," said the Seeress, concealing her indignation, "in which the past is unfolded, the future revealed. Do I understand that you would have the lines of your life traced, Miss Macgregor?"



"Well," said that young lady, unkindly, "I cannot say I would. The fact is that my companion is rather interested in—this—sort of thing, and he insisted on my coming up and being examined, don't you know?"

"Man insists—woman persists," said the Seeress, oracularly.

"I dare say," said Miss Macgregor. "But the quicker it's over and I can get a breath of fresh air again, the more I shall be obliged to you. Shall I take off my gloves?"

Madame Zoleska, as she took the hand offered her, thought that she had never had a less docile client. It was quite a firm hand, and there were many plain things

to be said about it, but none of them seemed to produce any impression on its owner.

"A tendency to scepticism," lamented the Seeress, "in dealing with the profundities."

"My companion will be very ready to pay half-a-guinea," said Miss Macgregor, pleasantly.

The Seeress bent closer, and tried a new coup.

"'R,'" she murmured, dreamily. "'R' is written upon it, but in what way I cannot see clearly."

The twitch of the hand encouraged the Seeress.

"It seems to stand for love," she continued. "But will that love run smooth . . . or will another—?"

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Macgregor, indignantly.

The Seeress murmured on: "Man—so fickle—attracted—and yet . . . something in his temperament, an unrest . . . a reaching after the romance of love makes him dally . . . makes him—"

She paused, as if she could say no more.

"Makes him—what?" demanded Miss Macgregor, haughtily.

The Seeress passed her hands across her eyes.

"The issue is dim," she said.

Miss Macgregor looked at her and considered. She held the very decided opinion that this woman was a fraud, just as Mr. Rooper, on the opposite tack, was prepared to believe in her ardently. But the woman was clever. If, presently, she tried to persuade Augustus that something romantic in the way of love awaited him, there was no doubt that things would be made difficult. He would hesitate still more; would go about philandering after the most unspeakable girls; would, as likely as not, get snapped up by some adventuress. And, for all his weak-mindedness, Miss Macgregor had an affection for him. It was suitable in every way that she should lead him to the altar. She wished to goodness that she had never been persuaded into letting him come to this place. She dreaded the effects of his interview with the future.

"The issue is dim," repeated the Seeress.

Miss Macgregor decided that it would be as well to come to an understanding.

"Thank you," she said, graciously. "I'm sure it's a very nice prophecy—quite wonderful, indeed; remarkably so. And now, before I send up my friend—"

"The moment is auspicious," interposed the Seeress.

"Yes, yes; but I wished to tell you . . . he is rather peculiar in his way of thinking. Anything out of the common in the way of the prophetic—anything that would upset his preconceived notions of the future—would be decidedly unpleasant to him."

"Knowledge is ever bitter," said the Seeress, ominously.

"Not necessarily, I think," replied Miss Macgregor. "In fact, if you could manage to let Mr. Rooper know that there is nothing outrageously romantic—in his love affairs—waiting for him, I should—I should take it as a personal obligation."

She got the words out with a natural hesitancy. They were distasteful to her; it was most degrading to have to take this fraudulent Palmist even so far into her confidence. But better that than for Augustus to be cast again into the gulfs of indecision and for all her past trouble to be wasted.

The effect on Madame Zoleska was amazing. Nirvana vanished and the dreamy folds of her draperies seemed to contract as she rose from her chair and faced Miss Macgregor with eager eyes. She spoke in quite another voice—

"Shall we count the obligation at fifty pounds—cash down?"

"What?" cried Miss Macgregor.

"Will you pay a pony for it?"

"A p—pony?"

"Think of it," pursued the Seeress, eloquently. "Augustus on his

knees, lovelorn serenades on the flute, matrimony, an elegant income. What's fifty pounds for that?"

Miss Macgregor could only stare.

"A miserable fifty pounds; and, if you don't, Augustus sulky—sighing for romance. There are plenty of girls, my fine lady, who have got as many charms as you."

It was there that Madame made a false step. If she had merely offered her aid for a consideration, she might have made a bargain. But she was feeling a little spiteful, and she touched the other's vanity.

"Never in my life," said Miss Macgregor, "have I heard such insolence. I would not give you fifty pounds if I had it a thousand times over." And she moved to the door majestically. "If you attempt to gull Mr. Rooper in any way, I shall communicate with the police."

The Seeress laughed scornfully, and rang the bell.

"Romance begins for Augustus," she said. "Show the lady down, Xeranthes, and ask the gentleman if he's ready to come up. Say that I believe the moment to be auspicious."

It was no relief to Miss Macgregor's overwrought feelings to find that Mr. Rooper was waiting below in the utmost restlessness and curiosity. He greeted her with the question, "Did all go well?"

He was a spare, long-bodied, little man, sloping from the shoulders like a soda-water bottle. His eyes lacked lustre and his piping voice did not correspond with his high-flown phraseology. Miss Macgregor hardly knew how to answer him. She could not repeat the whole conversation—that was plain. And to hint anything against the Seeress would only be to stir his eagerness. She smiled, to hide her discomfiture.

"Just as I expected," she said. "The woman is quite stupid. Personally, I shouldn't advise you to trouble to go up."

"My dear Charlotte!" he said, shocked.

"Of course, if you feel curious—"

"Curiosity is hardly the word, I think, to describe the emotions of one hungering after the unfathomable," he said, a little pained.

"Perhaps not," she agreed. "Don't belong, anyhow. We have to get back for lunch, remember."

"It will be an eternity," said Mr. Rooper, as he surrendered himself to the

page. "But to know is never to lose, my dear Charlotte. Painful it may be, but I was never to be daunted by that, I hope?"

"Oh, never!" said the young lady, impatiently. And she took up the daily paper.

If Mr. Rooper went out nervous, he returned from his *slance* with a threefold agitation. He positively twittered with it.

"This is most alarming," he began, "charming, I should say. charming. Quite, quite charming! Really, my dear Charlotte, I hardly know what to do, what to think. You will sympathise with me?"

"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Macgregor.

"Everything—nothing," said Mr. Rooper, disjointedly. "The unfolded future. A widow, a charming widow! Picture it, my dear Charlotte, the matrimonial bonds overshadowing me, I might almost say. Golden hair! I think I have always had a penchant for golden hair, have I not?"

"I wasn't aware of it."

"Subconsciously—subconsciously, of course. All true admiration I take to be subconscious. 'O golden hair with which I used to

play—not knowing,' as Tennyson puts it. Oh, that Zodiac, too! And to have supposed the future so dim. Absurd!"

"Kindly explain," said Miss Macgregor, drily.

"I will," said Mr. Rooper. "It's most charming, and, at the same time, alarming."

He proceeded to explain with some uncertainty of detail. He had been at once impressed by his visit to the Hall of Mystery, very much overpowered indeed. His hand had been read, strange thrills running through it the while. His past had been recounted in a marvellous manner—*whooping-cough*, the flute—perfectly marvellous. And the future! He had luck in all his lines, and the lines corresponded with certain marks on the Zodiac, if he had understood properly. The Zodiac was not very easy to understand, but the gist of the matter certainly was that it was written that Mr. Rooper should, that very day, meet a charming widow at the Grand Hotel, with golden hair, probably at lunch—

would meet and fascinate her (he repeated it with blushing modesty), and would finally, in a very short time, lead her to the altar.

"I positively tremble to think of it," he said. "Perfectly miraculous, is it not? And, apart from the suddenness of it all, I shall have, of course, to go to the Grand for lunch."

"You intend to go?" asked Miss Macgregor, annoyed.

"Obviously I must," said Mr. Rooper. "Kismet, as one might say. My only grief is that you should have to drive back alone."

"Not at all," she said, coldly.

"But a charming widow with golden hair—eh?" said Mr. Rooper, with an attempt at a wink.

"You surely don't believe it?"

"Believe it—the unfolded future? My dear Charlotte!"

"Then you are going to be so absurd as to go?"

"Absurd?" said Mr. Rooper. "This is less than kind."

"It's utter nonsense!"

"We shall see," said Mr. Rooper, entirely hurt.

"See and conquer—fiddle-dee-dee!" she retorted. "But you must please yourself. I can't stay longer, and . . . it seems no good. Your mother will not like to be kept waiting."

"You will explain?"

"I'll try!"

They parted, Mr. Rooper uncomfortable, his cousin affecting to be amused. And yet, driving homeward in the carriage—into which he had helped her, with a woebegone expression—she was by no means at her ease. She kept assuring herself that the whole thing was the merest absurdity. Madame Zoleska had concocted her scheme out of spite after the failure to extort money. Mr. Rooper would be lost for the afternoon, and would require some hours of careful handling to bring him back to the meek languish in which he was ordinarily to be found. But—was that all? Suppose by any chance he did meet a widow with golden hair? After all, what was more likely? There were always plenty of people staying at the Grand, and not a few were widows. Many widows have golden hair and are only too ready to be reconquered. Augustus, for all his quavering, might summon up courage enough to compromise himself.

At that moment a design flashed across Miss Macgregor's brain, and she acted on it. The carriage was still in the outskirts of the town, and she stopped it and got out.

"Kindly tell Mrs. Rooper that I have decided to do some shopping,"



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

VII.—THE MAN WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE FISCAL PROBLEM—FROM EITHER POINT OF VIEW—IN TWO MINUTES.

she said to the coachman. "I shall be lunching with Mr. Rooper at the Grand, and we shall want to be fetched again at four o'clock."

"At the Grand Hotel, Miss?"

"Yes, please."

The carriage was out of sight before she had summoned courage to enter the rooms of a hairdresser and perfumier and demand to be put through the process whereby black becomes white, or, more usually, sandy becomes gold. She had thought of a wig at first, but, being a young person of no artificialities, was afraid of its falling off inopportune. And the little Frenchman, though he lamented the short time allowed him, and admitted himself that beneath the surface a patch or two of the original might still be found, did his work well. "Ver' joli coiffure" was, he insisted, the result of his efforts. Miss Macgregor, flaxen-haired and covered with confusion, hastened into a milliner's where she was not known, and obtained and put on a neat widow's bonnet and thick concealing veil. A cab conveyed her to the Grand Hotel.

It was about two o'clock that Mr. Rooper, seated at a small table in the salon, waiting lunch, with a glass of sherry-and-bitters on the snowy cloth before him, waiting also his Fate with tremulous glances at the door as it swung open, again and again, to admit visitors, saw quite suddenly something that took his breath away. At the same moment, through the same doorway, there advanced—not one, but two widows. Both wore the thickest veils; both, by some stroke of destiny, had golden hair. Neither seemed to be acquainted with the other. What, Mr. Rooper asked himself, nervously, did Fate mean? One widow he had expected—for one he had come to this hotel, a thing which always deprived him of an appetite. But here were two. Was he to pick and choose among many strange widows?

As if in answer to this question, the taller of the two ladies advanced swiftly and seated herself at the next small table to Mr. Rooper, facing him. He thought he detected a winning smile. He returned it, spoiling the effect slightly by taking a gulp of wine in the middle, for fear of being thought to have smiled on purpose, uninvited.

Meanwhile, the other lady—being, indeed, Miss Macgregor—stood for a moment, casting about her. She was taken aback. Though she had faced the possibility, she had not expected the reality of another and a rival widow, much less that rival's swift and, as it seemed, almost deliberate enfilading of Mr. Rooper. Now, seeing a waiter preparing a place for her at some distance, she made up her mind to action. Next moment, she was sailing past Mr. Rooper to the small table beyond. As she went by, her handkerchief fluttered to the floor. Mr. Rooper, anxious to seize every crumb that Destiny might let fall, pounced on it like a cat and rose gallantly to return it.

He had begun to stammer forth a speech, brief but chivalrous, when the other lady spoke—

"Excuse me, sir—"

Miss Macgregor compressed her lips and swept on. The shame of her masquerading was hidden behind her veil, but she could not compete for Mr. Rooper's attentions in so public a place. Already she felt as if the eyes of everyone must be upon her.

"Would you mind," she heard her rival continue, "if I were to ask the waiter to close the ventilator between us?"

"Delighted," murmured Mr. Rooper. "Nothing—I'm sure . . . greater pleasure."

And, being on his feet already, he set himself to close it. A gracious smile—indubitable this time—from behind the black veil rewarded him, and he seized the opportunity to comment on the weather. The lady responded, praising it. Mr. Rooper continued with the remark that, however fine the weather might be, draughts from ventilators were always best avoided. He suffered, he said, from lumbago himself. The lady confessed to a fear of neuralgia. Mr. Rooper was able to recommend an embrocation which had been invaluable to his mother in an hour of considerable anguish.

For the rest of the meal Miss Macgregor was doomed to see Mr. Rooper's back and to hear an exchange of complimentary remarks that proved her rival was making headway. Vainly she made efforts, by fluting sweetly at the waiter, to attract Augustus's attention. In vain, even, did she order Gorgonzola cheese (which she detested herself), in the hope that he would hear and observe their community of tastes. Augustus was deaf as an adder, fascinated as a frog. She had the misery of seeing him, the luncheon ended, rise and, under pretence of pointing out some of the views, accompany his enchantress into the hotel garden. And she—she was left to sit there with the evil smell of Gorgonzola in her nostrils.

Fortune was against her indeed.

Very few of those who knew Miss Macgregor would have denied that she was a young woman of decision.

"A man worth having is a man worth winning," was one of her favourite sayings, and, having for months past assumed the doubtful premise that Mr. Rooper was worth winning, she was not going to yield him up tamely now. She summoned the waiter. "Do you

know," she inquired, "if the lady who sat at the next table but one is a visitor to Burminster?"

"Well, M'm," said the waiter, "she might be. Leastways, she 'ad a bottle of our 'ock."

"Did she?" said Miss Macgregor, not at once grasping the connection.

"On the other 'and," said the waiter, thoughtfully, "she hordered curry, seemin' by that to know as it was one of *chef's* speshalities—"

"Indeed?"

"—which no wiitor would."

"True," said Miss Macgregor. "Then she's not stopping at the hotel?"

"She ain't took rooms, M'm—as yet. Though, arter that curry— The waiter shook his head doubtfully. "Anyways, she ain't, for I 'appened to 'ear 'er tell the boy wot brought her round that she would be back at four. 'At four, Xery-anthes,' says she."

"What's the name?" asked Miss Macgregor.

"Xery-anthes," said the waiter. "Dutch, I dessay."

"Thank you," said Miss Macgregor.

So a name, the name of the page-boy, had revealed the whole conspiracy. The widow of the unfolded future was the Seeress herself. The audacity, the cunning, the insolence of it! At this very moment she was in the garden weaving her web about Augustus.

Miss Macgregor paid her bill with trembling fingers and also made for the garden. The place was well laid-out, but not large, and she had no difficulty in sighting those she had come in search of. A rustic seat, with a trellis-work of roses behind, contained them. The enchantress sat back in a dreamy, fascinating attitude, and smiled from languishing eyes upon Mr. Rooper, who seemed to be dilating with some eloquence upon the landscape, noting points with his forefinger and rounding his periods with a modest "If you will kindly permit me to say so, my dear lady," or "A not unlaborious study of the subject enables me to state it without fear of contradiction, my dear Mrs. Dunn."

Miss Macgregor, as she approached, came in for a "My dear Mrs. Dunn," and marked it. Almost at the same moment the widow marked Miss Macgregor, obviously determined to interrupt them. She did not move, however, and only a strained observer would have seen the stiffening in the backs of the two ladies. Mr. Rooper was lost in the maze of a sentence, and became only quite suddenly aware that someone else was speaking.

"I do hope," said Miss Macgregor, sweetly, "that I'm not a great bother."

"Far from it," said Mr. Rooper, rising hastily; "far from it! Might I—could I—?"

"I was only anxious to renew my acquaintance with Madame Zoleska."

"Madame Zo-leska?" repeated Mr. Rooper, perplexed.

"The dear, celebrated Palmist," explained Miss Macgregor. "Oh, I knew it was she!"

And she smiled upon the Seeress.

"But," began Mr. Rooper, looking from one to the other; "but, surely—this lady is Mrs. Dunn?" And, as neither replied, he turned to his first widow, "Did I make a mistake in supposing—?"

The lady appealed to smiled upon him enchantingly in a last effort.

"Would it grieve you if you had?" she asked.

"Not at all—not at all!" said Mr. Rooper. "But—but I—"

He began to edge away uneasily.

"Mrs. Dunn" is a very good name for a golden-haired widow," commented Miss Macgregor, and at that the Seeress lost patience.

"Oh, you cat!" she said.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Rooper. "What is this? Let me beg you—"

The Seeress rounded on him.

"Go along, you little spider!" she said, unkindly. "Go along, like a good little man, with Charlotte!"

"Charlotte!" exclaimed Mr. Rooper, divining, at last, his guardian angel. "My dear Charlotte, what does this all mean?"

"It means," said that young lady, not without sternness, "that the carriage will be here in five minutes, and that you must make up your mind whether you are ready to come back in it or would prefer to stay and meet your . . . Fate."

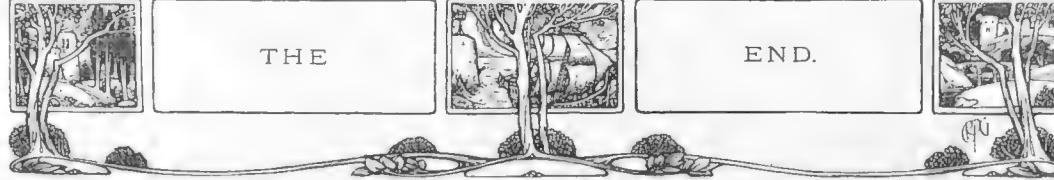
"I think," said Mr. Rooper, fretfully, "that we will drive back, by all means. I fear that I have not completely understood all that has been going on this afternoon."

Madame Zoleska laughed as she settled herself down on the seat again.

"But we've seen the views, Augustus," she said.

Mr. Rooper hurried from the spot, his arm gallantly presented to Miss Macgregor. He talked rapidly the while.

"I have had a very inadequate lunch," he said. "I shall be glad to get back to tea, my dear Charlotte."





THE PERILS OF THE DEEP.





A DUET.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE awkward tangle as regards the clashing of new productions enumerated in *The Sketch* last week seems all but straightened out at the moment of writing. I say "all but" because in the re-arrangement of dates just fixed one other clashing has supervened. This affects two pieces, namely, the comic *opéra*, "Amorelle," at the Comedy Theatre, and the drama, entitled "A Man of Honour," which was to have had its first regular production at the Avenue last Saturday night. Both these plays are, at the present moment, announced for presentation to-morrow (Thursday) night. Doubtless, however, some further re-sorting will yet take place for the mending of this latest little rift within the theatrical lute.

Pending our criticism of "Captain Dieppe" in next week's issue, it may be interesting to give a few notes concerning its cast and story. The name-character is a French political fugitive who chances

Sandwiched with all this is a strong dramatic undercurrent which is concerned with secret papers, stolen pocket-books, and other common objects of the drama. I shall not further divulge the story of this piece, which has been adapted by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Harrison Rhoades from an old romance by the first-named author. It is enough to add that Mr. H. B. Irving plays the brave but bewildered Captain, that Mr. Nicholas Holthoir represents Andrea, Mr. Ivo Dawson the villainous Paul, Mr. Dion Boucicault (who also "produces" the piece) Father Alfonso, Miss Miriam Clements the giddy, gambling Countess, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh the Countess who, in some measure, domestically deputises for her. The scenery, representing the Italian castle and a local mountain-shrine, is very pretty and picturesque.

Another instance of the grouping of plays of the same sort (of



THE LIFE STRENUOUS: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH HAS NOW TAKEN UP THE LEADING PART IN "CAPTAIN DIEPPE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S. THE RUN OF "LETTY" CONCLUDED ON FEB. 5.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

to take shelter for a while in a fine old Italian castle which belongs to Count Andrea and his Countess, Emilia. The Count and Countess, alas, are somewhat at loggerheads, by reason of the fact that the lady has been gambling heavily at Monte Carlo and has thus brought herself within the power of a scoundrel named Paul de Roustache. From time to time the involved Countess has to go about to seek money wherewith to pay certain sums on account. The husband and wife having, since the latter's gambling trouble, agreed to live apart in different portions of this roomy castle, the Countess arranges during certain of her money-seeking peregrinations to have herself personated by another Countess, one Lucia d'Orano.

The comedy-strain of "Captain Dieppe" is bound up with the French fugitive's falling in love with the "understudy" Countess (as one may call her), and being afraid to tell his love because he thinks that she is his friend's wife. The charming deputy, secretly returning the Captain's passion, heartily enjoys the joke, which she is obliged to keep up for a while, lest she should betray her fair but foolish friend.

which I gave examples a week or two back) has just presented itself in the shape of several new pieces of matrimonial interest. These include "When a Man's Married," written by Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Nora Keith, to be produced presently by Mr. Frank Curzon; "Bigamy," a new drama just produced at Croydon and about to be brought nearer London; "A Marriage of Vengeance," written by Mr. A. J. Charleson, just tried at Stratford and also presently due in Near Suburbia; "The Wedding Ring," by Mr. Ben Landeck, a play being tried at Dalston as we are going to press; "Deserted at the Altar," a piece just successfully tried in New York and booked for London; and another matrimonial melodrama bearing the startling title "No Wedding Bells for Her." The last-mentioned daringly named play is the work of the ingenious Mr. Theo Kremer, who has before touched upon the theme in that extraordinary melodramatic mixture entitled "The Fatal Wedding," and who has lately vouchsafed to the British stage his still more extraordinary play, "An Actor's Romance."

KEY-NOTES

THE Crystal Palace Concerts begin on Saturday, March 5, on which date Miss Marie Hall will give a Violin Recital in the afternoon, while in the evening the Dulwich Philharmonic Society will, wonderful to relate, produce Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius"; perhaps the time will really come when this great masterpiece will be recognised by Londoners as a work of importance. On the Monday following, the Promenade Concerts will be resumed. On the following Saturday, Gérard, the well-known cellist, will appear and a Violin and Pianoforte Recital will be given by Lady Hallé and Mr. Plunket Greene.

The chief event that follows will be a Concert by the Crystal Palace Orchestra with the Crystal Palace Choir on March 26, while the Good Friday Concerts follow in the natural order of things. Thus this busy home of music, as we knew it, will, to some extent, rejuvenate itself, and bring us reminiscences of the great days when to the Palace alone the amateur went for the sake of that which was best in orchestral music.

MISS NOEL NEVILLE,
A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN SINGER APPEARING IN "THE LOVE
BIRDS," AT THE SAVOY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

it in the past, will, to some extent, rejuvenate itself, and bring us reminiscences of the great days when to the Palace alone the amateur went for the sake of that which was best in orchestral music.

Mr. Henry J. Wood seems never to be happier than when he is flying across country with his Orchestra at his heels, giving performances here, there, and everywhere on a superb scale. One might recommend the picture as the subject of a cartoon to *Punch*; one could imagine a particularly amusing representation of Mr. Wood as Gulliver in Lilliput, striding across country with all his Orchestra clinging to his coat-tails and waving their instruments wildly to the winds. There is to be a Westmorland Festival on April 14 and 15 next, at which Mr. Henry J. Wood will conduct the Queen's Hall Orchestra. It is no wonder that the average weight of the members of this Orchestra, to judge from appearance, would not be able to rival that of Daniel Lambert. They will accept the jest in the spirit with which it is made.

To continue the same subject, a little pamphlet has reached the present writer describing a few of the great successes which have been accomplished by the Queen's Hall Orchestra on tour. These include, for example, such towns as Birmingham, Leeds, Aberdeen, and Dundee, where universal admiration seems to have followed their footsteps. Even the critic of the *Yorkshire Post*, whose judgments very often fill some of his London colleagues with concern, uses such words as "superb performance," "perfect polish," "speci-ally admirable," "pleasing relief," "most delicately accompanied"—all of them, no doubt, familiar little phrases; but, still, tending to show the real success accomplished by Mr. Wood. Although the *Leeds Mercury* in its notice treated the matter in a broader and more scholarly spirit, the tone of its critic's words was very much the same. Aberdeen declared Mr. Wood's concert to be the most important of its kind that has yet taken place in that city, while Dundee conveyed very much the same meaning in different words. So, with glory ahead, Mr. Wood may continue with a stout and full confidence in the extension of the name and fame of both his Orchestra and himself.

The recent success of Madame Kirkby Lunn, and, when one says "recent," one means during

the past few years, has been as remarkable as it has been merited. Of the Elgar Festival, to be held at Covent Garden in March, one will speak presently; for the present, it may be stated that she is engaged to sing in both "Gerontius" and "The Apostles" at that Festival, no less than at performances of the latter work at the Royal Albert Hall, Leeds, and Birmingham. She will pay a second visit to America in September, and she is engaged also for the Opera season in London.

M. de Pachmann's concerts are always interesting, and his last concert at the Bechstein Hall naturally drew a considerable audience. Perhaps M. de Pachmann was not quite at his best—he seemed just a trifle tired; but his Chopin-playing is always an exquisite thing. He is not by any means an ideal Beethoven player, although he has moments in his playing of that great master which show that he understands the romance of such a Sonata as the "Waldstein" (which he played on this occasion) to its most fascinating and extreme degree; a similar criticism may be passed upon both his Mozart and his Schumann playing.

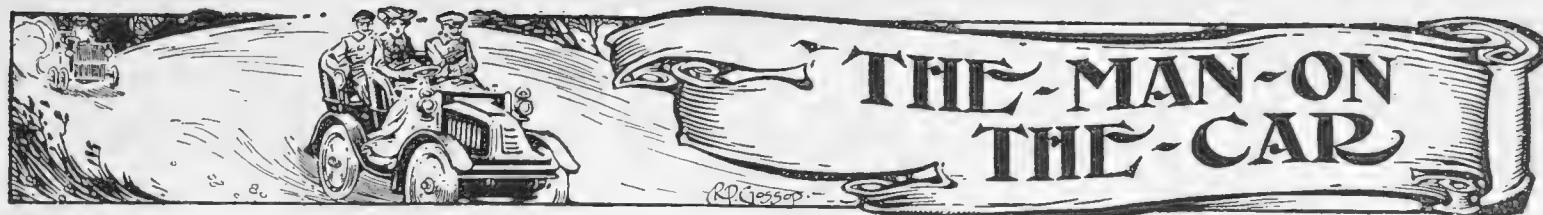
"Westward the course of Empire takes its way." Westward also it would seem that every singer who has made a reputation in England feels it his or her bounden duty to make a journey. Miss Muriel Foster, who has in recent years come so very much to the front, has decided to visit both Canada and the United States, and she gave her farewell concert to London the other night, at which she sang quite magnificently, indeed, only once before has the present writer heard her to greater advantage—at the Norwich Festival the year before last. Miss Foster is one of those most satisfactory artists who very rarely indeed choose to sing music that can be described as being in any sense trivial. On this occasion, she sang Bach's "Mortals trust this wondrous mercy," a Rachmaninoff, and a Brahms—Brahms, by the way, at his best, in "O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück"—all of them with grave dignity, with singular emotion, and with a vocal sweetness and power that were quite moving. In lighter work she is not quite so impressive, but in the five songs by English composers which concluded her programme she was excellent. She was naturally received with very great applause indeed, and it was interesting to observe that her former teacher, Miss Anna Williams, was the first among those to hand Miss Foster what is called in journalese "an elegant bouquet."

COMMON CHORD.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, WHO IS ALSO A TALENTED MUSICIAN AND PAINTER.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



Crystal Palace Show—County Councils—Gordon Bennett Race—Vehicles for Town Use.

VISITORS to the great Automobile Show now sheltered by the roof of the Crystal Palace will find so much of interest upon the various stands that they may overlook certain of the exhibits which should not be missed. The six-cylinder cars of Messrs. John Marston and Messrs. Napier and Co. are particularly worthy of inspection, as showing the trend of construction in high-powered, expensive cars, while the 1904 Oldsmobile, the Vauxhall Light Car, and the Baby Peugeot, amongst others, show what is being done at the other end of the financial scale. The exhibits on many stands show a distinct tendency to increase the number of cylinders in comparatively low-powered cars, and this is particularly so in the case of one of the smartest light cars shown in the Exhibition, the four-cylinder, 12 horse-power New Orleans, which has, moreover, a clutch of most novel design, and most easily detachable, together with a cleverly designed three-speed gear in which no gear-box gear-wheels are in mesh when the engine is driving on the top-speed. Then the four-cylinder, 12-16 horse-power Wilson-Pilcher car, with its marvellously balanced engine and unique gear, shown, and hereafter to be built, by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., is as full of meat as a nut. Those who did not visit the Paris Exhibition will at the Palace have an opportunity of inspecting the wonderful Darracq pressed-steel frame in the Roman Court, an example of pressed-metal work which excited the admiration of every engineer who inspected it last December. Then on Messrs. J. E. Hutton's stand is found the chassis of the new 20 horse-power Hutton car, which is fitted with the highly ingenious, infinitesimally variable Barber speed-gear. This gear is to be furnished to the three Hutton Gordon Bennett cars.

Steam-cars have not a very great showing, but the votaries of steam, and they are still many, will find a great deal to hold them in the White steam-cars, of which Mr. John Hare and Mr. Seymour Hicks have just purchased one each, while Keene's Automobile Works show the "Keenlet" steam-car, a simply designed vehicle which attracts many. A very fine exhibit is that of the Beaufort Motor Company, whose petrol-cars appear to possess every mechanical refinement which makes for efficiency and comfort. The Clement-Talbot cars, which in one or two of the new types were shown here at the National Cycle Show in November last, will be found on the stand of their Tunbridge agent. There is no better value for money in the Exhibition than these cars, and, if proof is wanted of the favour they enjoy with those who own them, let the second-hand advertising columns of the Motor Press bear witness, for a Clement-Talbot is a *rara avis* indeed in that gallery. Visitors will do well to devote one day to cars and another to accessories, for the latter are most engrossing and the stands upon which they are displayed are so numerous that space forbids their mention here. The subject of tyres is always present to the automobilist's mind, who regards them, from the points of view of side-slip and wear, with equal anxiety. That the Dunlop Company have left no stone unturned in either case is evident from their exhibits, while the new Palmer "cord" tyre is full of interest. I despair of indicating the merest percentage of the objects at this Exhibition which are absolutely entralling to the enthusiastic automobilist.

The County Councils of both Surrey and Sussex—counties which, with Huntingdonshire, have in the past enjoyed the very questionable reputation of being among the most anti-motor of all the English counties—would appear to be awakening to some sense of

reasonableness. Hitherto, the conditions of the Act of 1896 have been strained to the uttermost against the motor-men wherever caught, and that the Act of 1903 would be also expanded to the uttermost was but a natural deduction from what had already taken place. Now we learn that the County Councils of the two Home Counties have decided to adopt the reasonable recommendations of the Local Government Board that the ten miles per hour limit of speed should not be imposed by local authorities until it becomes evident that the other provisions of the Act fail to check inconsiderate and reckless driving. One of the Surrey Magistrates asserted that he would prefer evidence of driving to the common danger to that of excessive speed, which was always difficult to prove. An amendment to refer back the report to inquire on what roads in the county a ten-mile limit should be placed was lost by a large majority.

Before these words are in type it will be known whether or no the Eliminating Trials of the English Gordon Bennett cars will be run off in the Isle of Man or no. At the moment of writing, the Secretary of

the Automobile Club is in the kingdom of tailless cats, seeking to persuade the members of the House of Keys that the decision of the trials upon Manx roads would greatly benefit the island, as most assuredly it would. I imagine that all that is required is for Mr. Ord to get on the soft side of a "Deemster," for an official with so weighty a title as that could settle the matter off-hand. If he but deems the thing advisable, why the thing's done. But I've forgotten Hall Caine, though, I trow, Mr. Ord has not. With "The Deemster" and the literary uncrowned King of Man on his side, Mr. Ord should quit with a twelve hours' lease of the island roads.

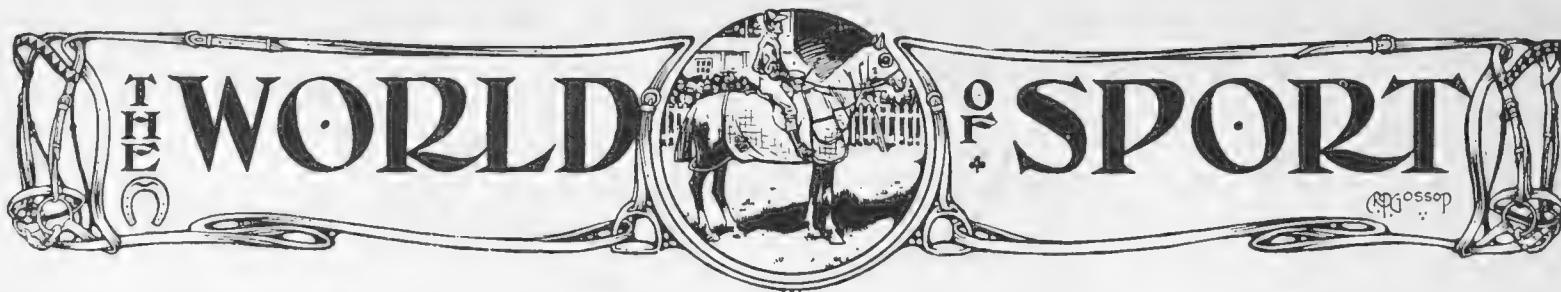
Should the Manxmen prove blind to their own interests and the Belgian Club persist in their extortionate demand for

a fee of two hundred pounds to allow the Eliminating Trials to be decided over the Circuit des Ardennes course, then we shall be in evil plight indeed to discover some stretch of road whereon the qualities of the twelve cars entered for the Trials can be adequately determined. As a last resource, there is always the flying kilomètre at Clipstone, near Welbeck; but the notion of testing racing-cars, which, in the great race, will be driven at top-speed for over three hundred miles, by driving over five-eighths of a mile only is ludicrous in the extreme. It is no sort of test whatever, and is grossly unfair to the entrants, who, before they can toe the line with their trial-cars, must have expended something like eight hundred pounds per vehicle. In no other country in the world would such obstacles be thrown in the way of an industry as have been opposed to automobile progress in the United Kingdom.

The popularity of electric propulsion for town vehicles is undoubtedly, and, if any emphasis of the fact were required, it was certainly forthcoming on Feb. 8 last, when the representatives of the Press were afforded an opportunity of witnessing the handling and control of many smart electrically driven victorias, broughams, and landauettes at the perfectly appointed garage of the Electromobile Company, Limited, of 7, Curzon Street, Mayfair. The noiselessness and smooth running of the vehicles were particularly remarked, as well as the immense improvement in the appearance of the cars over and above those which we have of late been accustomed to note about the streets of London. In the course of describing the cars and the method of working them, Mr. Ernest Schenk dwelt interestingly on the present condition and future possibilities of the electric-motor industry, the development of which, he maintained, was all that could be desired.



"They say there is Divinity in odd numbers."—SHAKSPERE.



"Exes"—Futures—Pretty Polly—Sporting Journalism

WE have heard a great deal of grumbling of late about race-course expenses, and it does seem rather too much to have to pay one pound per day for admission to Tattersall's Ring to see racing under National Hunt Rules. Anyway, I think the present time an appropriate one to reissue one of my old suggestions. I have thought for years that Clerks of Courses might deal with dwellers in Tattersall's Ring as they do with Club members—that is, on the season-ticket principle. Annual, non-transferable passes at a fixed charge of, say, ten pounds should be issued at the commencement of the season. I feel sure the racecourse funds would benefit by the idea, as many members of the general public would take them up who do not now attend any one enclosure ten days in the one year. Further, it would save the large army of professional layers and backers a deal of trouble in the matter of purchasing daily tickets, while the passes could be worn in the same manner as Club badges are.

Very little genuine betting has taken place over the Lincoln Handicap, and I doubt if we shall get a reliable market until the day of the race. The majority of the quotations daily recorded consist of covering-bets made in the London Clubs by the Continental commission-agents. The small punters have fastened on to Cossack as the good thing for the Lincoln Handicap, and I am told Sir James Miller's smart horse has wintered well. His old trainer, Willie Waugh, fancies his chance very much, while Blackwell, who trains Cossack at the present time, thinks he will be there or thereabouts. It is said Marsden has been backed by Mr. Steddall, but I do not fancy a three-year-old this time. Fleeting Love is a street-corner tip for the race. The horse is trained by Ambler at Epsom. There will be plenty of excitement over the Grand National this year. I am still confident Ambush II. will win if he stands up. As I have stated before, Detail should get the course, and Drumcree is another likely one to finish in the first three. The going, however, will be terribly bad unless we get a long spell of fine weather.

Major Eustace Loder owns, without a doubt, one of the best three-year-old fillies in training in Pretty Polly. She is very likely, if fit and well, to win the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, but it should take her all her time to capture the St. Leger if opposed by Fiancée, Gouvernant, Santoy, Clonmell, Bobrinski, Sweeper, Henry the First, and Rydal Head. The St. Leger is a race that takes a deal of winning, and a horse to be able to win on the Doncaster course must be able both to stay and to go fast. Pretty Polly is by Gallinule—Admiration, and she is not bred to stay. The filly won all her nine races as a two-year-old with ease; but it could be said of The Bard that he ran sixteen times as a two-year-old and won sixteen times, and I tipped him for all the sixteen. But when, as a three-year-old, he competed in the Derby, he was easily beaten by Ormonde. Many good judges contend that Pretty Polly is quite the equal if not the superior of Sceptre as a three-year-old, but that is a matter that must be left to the future to decide. Sceptre is and always was a real stayer. We know Pretty Polly only as a sprinter up to now.

I hear of one or two new sporting weekly papers that are to be started at the opening of the racing season, and, if these are run on enterprising lines and are well managed, they should do well. I am glad to see that the older sporting papers are launching out. There was plenty of room for improvement, and I do trust the old days of mutton-headedness in sporting journalism have gone never to return. The biggest mistake in the past was to give the public sand as a substitute for sugar. In the matter of sporting journalism, it cannot be too clearly understood that dry-as-dust columns dealing with the past are not appreciated by the young people of the present generation, and, of course, it is to the youngsters the papers have to look for solid support. The dwellers at our Universities and Public Schools in after-life become good sportsmen, straight riders, cricketers, keen golfers, or, it may be, crack pigeon-shots. These are the people that should be catered for.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. AND MRS. NAT GOODWIN (MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT) AT THEIR ENGLISH HOME, "JACKWOOD," SHOOTER'S HILL.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

PRINCESS ALICE looked simply charming on her marriage-day, and, if a more gallant and handsome bridegroom than Prince Alexander of Teck were possible or permissible out of feminine fiction, one might travel to see him as far as the English Mission to Thibet and be repaid for the journey. I went down to Windsor with a friend who had the honour of an invitation from the Queen, and we thought it wise to eschew the delights of the 10.45 special provided for their Majesties' guests, and were well repaid for an earlier journey by seeing everybody arrive from the comfortable vantage-ground of the South Nave front-seats.

The young Duke of Saxe-Coburg looked very proud and important as he led his sister up the aisle, and the bride's train was held up by three of the daintiest possible of baby Princesses, all dressed in palest blue, with forget-me-not wreaths binding their golden curls. Not all golden, by the way though, for the little Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont's large brown eyes and pretty brown hair made charming contrast with the two small "Marys" of Wales and of Teck. The childish element, always so appealing at weddings in its innocence and promise, was further present in the persons of the two little elder Princes of Wales, who walked picturesquely together in Highland dress. Columns have been filled about the Queen's dress and diamonds, but columns cannot convey the sweetness and gentle dignity that seem her own especial atmosphere in every circumstance.

Mauve appeared to be the favourite colour of the social elect, and the Queen's exquisite dress of sequined chiffon was in a full, pinky tone of this hue. The Duchess of Albany wore it also, as did the Queen of Würtemberg. Amongst the invited guests, white seemed a favourite, Lady French, Mrs. Ossy Ames, Lady Helen Vincent,



A VISITING-GOWN OF BLACK VELVET.

and many more wearing that virginal colour. The Duchess of Devonshire wore her all-round diamond crown, and over a pale-grey brocade gown had the loveliest coat of black Russian sables as she passed up the chancel. It was noticeable that Princess Victoria of Wales

wore a pale-green dress as she walked up the nave between her sisters, and, in commenting on the colour, someone who was somebody and should know (but did not) said it was Princess Victoria's dress that had travelled past its destination, but, as a matter of fact, it was that intended for the Princess of Wales. As far as admiring onlookers



CHAMPAGNE-COLOURED CLOTH AND VELVET.

went, however, the Princess had no cause for regrets, as her beautifully embroidered white satin was one of the most exquisite gowns in the procession.

Notwithstanding Princess Alice's wish for "practical presents," gifts of valuable jewellery poured in, but there was also a splendid collection of plate as well as substantial cheques from Royal relatives. Perhaps the simplest but certainly not the least gracefully received gift was a spray of white heather sent by Mdlle. Janotta, the celebrated pianist, "for luck."

Pipings, cordings, gathered flounces, pointed fichus in the "cross-over" style, and many other already declared symptoms of spring fashions, indicate that the ugly early Victorian revival has not yet departed from our midst. Dresses made of fine face-cloth for spring wear are much gathered round the waist, in extraordinary contradistinction to the sheath-like frocks of some seasons past. On the Riviera, where the weather has been cold up to now, pelerines of mink, marmot, sable, and chinchilla are beginning to be replaced by similarly shaped garments of taftetas or fine cloth matching the dress; and, as if to complete the verisimilitude, sloped shoulders and long ear-rings are in observable evidence on the well-equipped *femme du monde*, completing the customary detail of 1830 femininity.

How bewildering these changes of fashion are to mere man was amusingly brought home by some whimsical printed reflections of Mr. Gelett Burgess in a recent publication, where, as a trembling, timid male, he describes his excursions into sartorial complexities. "I have dipped into fashion literature," he says, "and have come out frozen with terror. At first, I thought I might glance over some fashion



DIAMOND AND RUBY PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

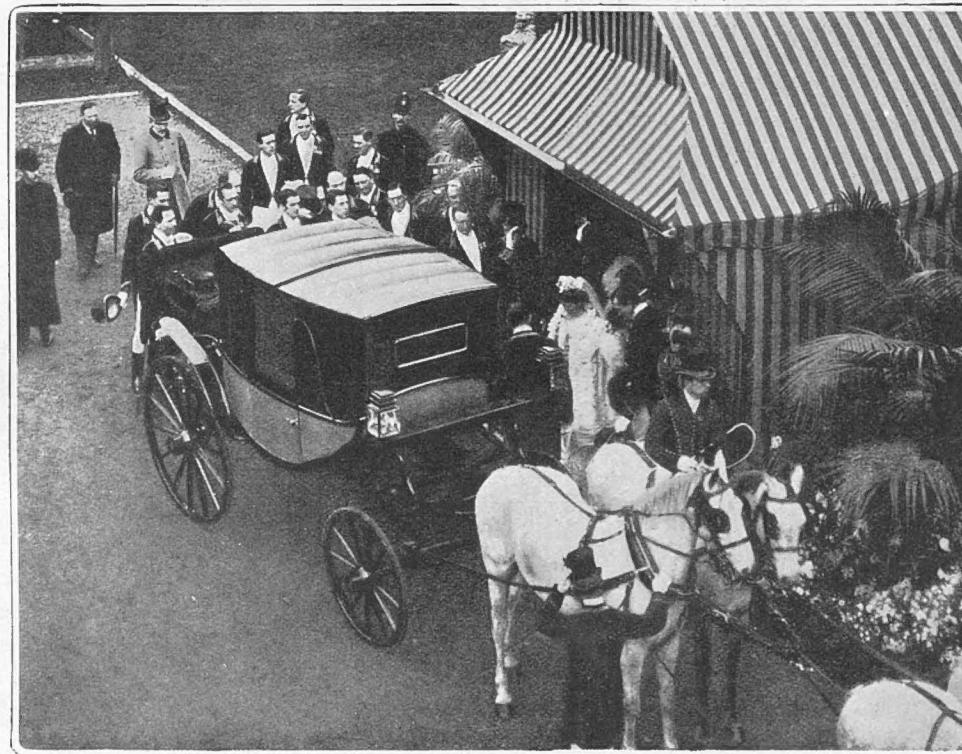
head-ornament outlined in fine enamel. Both designs are original and decorative in the highest degree.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

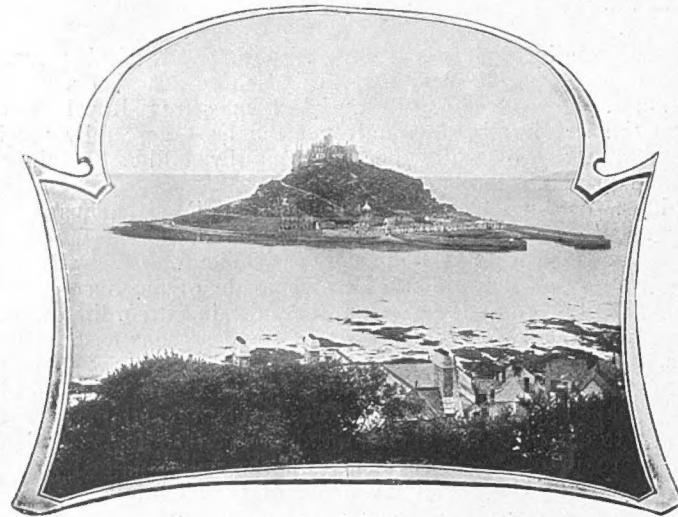
HYACINTHE (Menton).—The gowns you can wear on the Riviera now are really not admissible for this climate until June, and then only for two Season months, so in these days of quickly changing fashions it would not be wise to have too many. You will find smart afternoon-gowns of little or no use for your subsequent English-country-house visits. Our women wear tailor-clothes and tea-gowns in the country for morning and afternoon. At night, of course, everyone is as smart as possible.

FOX-HUNTER (Melton).—Really I feel scarcely competent to decide so momentous a question. But, if there is anything in the theory of universal adoption by those authorities of the gun-room and smoking-room who ought to know, then I should say Apollinaris Water is the chosen and selected of the thirsty everywhere. When in combination with mellowed "Scotch," I am also credibly informed it is "bad to beat," which must certainly be comforting information to those who manufacture the national beverage of the North.

SYBIL.



THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDE LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.



IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA: ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

The Great Western Railway has published a most interesting pamphlet on Cornwall as a health and pleasure resort in winter. The view here reproduced is one of the many delightful illustrations given in the guide-book in question.

journal and get in ten minutes or so an intelligent comprehension of the winter styles, so that when I walked abroad I might easily pick out the smart from the merely well-dressed and the slipshod from the behind-the-times. Only women who have made a lifelong study of such things can imagine the surprise I received." Quite right, too! It was never intended that the masculine intellect should penetrate the moods and mysteries of *la Mode*.

And now, to turn again to the matter of jewellery, I feel impelled to draw attention to a new and notably handsome present brought out by the Parisian Diamond Company and here illustrated. The centre stone is an immense ruby of exquisite colour—the real pigeon's-blood—surrounded with tiny brilliants, set close so as to form a ring of light; a graceful scroll design in Parisian Company's diamonds completes the jewel, finished off by a pear-shaped swinging pearl. Another fascinating effect is obtained by a wing-shaped brooch or brilliants, the feathers being rendered in

"DOD'S PEERAGE."

"Dod's Peerage" (Gilbert and Rivington) is one of those handy works of reference without which no bookshelf is complete. The editions for 1904 contain all the familiar features, and, as usual, the arrangement is admirable. A departure has, however, been made which is absolutely new, since a limited edition has been printed on large paper, illustrated with nearly six hundred portraits of those distinguished people whose names appear in the work. As a memento of the Coronation "Dod's" will be invaluable, for in many cases the Peers and Peeresses whose portraits are given are clad in the robes worn on that occasion.



DIAMOND AND ENAMEL BROOCH AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

The City of Sheffield has long been united to the noble house of the Howards by close and cordial bonds of affection and respect, so it was decided to signalise his Grace's marriage by a splendid gift. The Duke, being approached on the subject, expressed a wish that

this should take the form of a diamond necklace for his bride, and the Corporation therefore ordered from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited (the King's Jewellers), of 112, Regent Street, W., a magnificent rivière of diamonds of perfect quality, forming a truly regal gift.

The casket illustrated below was presented by the inhabitants of the Borough of Arundel to the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Norfolk. It is oblong in form and exquisitely finished in the "Art Nouveau" style, the obverse panel containing a fine view of Arundel Castle, beautifully enamelled. The casket rests upon six richly chased and carved feet, supported

in turn by an ebony plinth. It was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., Regent Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE HON. GWENDOLEN CONSTABLE-MAXWELL ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

THE WAR.

FOR weeks the fear of war in the Far East has put a restraint on all financial writers who, like the City Editor of this paper, have to pen their notes several days before they are in the hands of their readers; but at last "the guns have gone off by themselves," and all the world knows what is Japan's answer to Admiral Alexeieff's naval demonstration, and the landing of Russian troops at the mouth of the Yalu River.

So far, except the stocks of the three countries immediately involved, prices have not dropped much, but Consols, War Loan, and English Government securities have suffered to some extent. For some time on this market war was looked upon as probable, but on the Continent optimism prevailed up to the last moment, and we know that our French neighbours have of late been "doing themselves proud" by purchasing Japanese and Russian stocks, so that not a few brokers and agency houses doing business in France—we believe, in Germany also—have had unpleasant half-hours at the largeness of the differences which their clients are called upon to meet. The weakness of Consols has in reality been due to the cessation of Continental buying, and, perhaps, the realisation of Continental holdings to meet the owners' losses in the stocks more nearly affected by the hostilities.

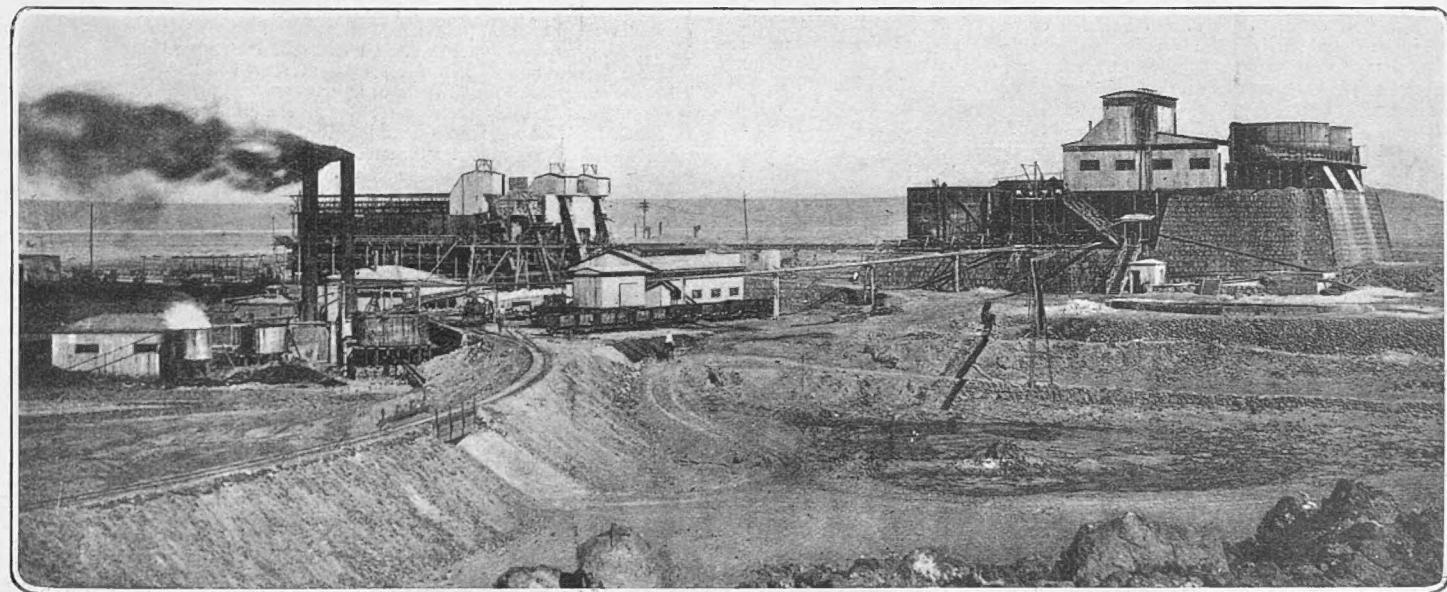
THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

The issue of the report of this important Insurance Company reminds us unpleasantly of the rapid flight of time. It seems but a

to a further extent before interest cannot be paid on the Consolidated Bonds. With a rapidly growing concern, the question of finance is ever difficult, and the very prosperity of the Mexican Central in one way has been a source of weakness, inasmuch as it has forced the Company to acquire subsidiary lines that at present are not returning a profit. Reorganisation under the auspices of some strong financial syndicate might put the Company into a healthier position at a bound, and, of course, the accounts this year will feel all the advantage of the advance in the price of silver. The Bonds are not desirable investments for maiden aunts, but those people who can afford to wait and see the thing through will probably be well advised to do so, although, in the meantime, the price of their securities may further decline before a recovery takes place.

KAFFIRS AND PIGTAILS.

Seeing that spadework by the Chinese is practically within sight, it becomes a question of vital importance as to the way in which the industry is likely to be affected by this change of condition. A significant feature of the market's opinion may be traced in the improvement which is taking place amongst deep-level shares. It would seem as though the big houses were going to devote their attention less to the outcrop mines, whose shares are largely in the hands of the speculative investor, and more to the Deeps, in which they hold such enormous stakes. Putting this suggestion in another manner, it may be supposed that such speculation will play a great part in the revival which, sooner or later, the Kaffir Circus is bound to experience, unless the magnates choose to throw up the sponge altogether. Of course, most of the better class of Deeps already stand at substantial figures, but we are strongly inclined to believe that prices will be improved upon, and the whole row of Second Deeps thrust more and more into prominence, to the probable exclusion from



THE NITRATE INDUSTRY: GENERAL VIEW OF NITRATE AND IODINE PLANT.

few weeks ago that we wrote a Note on the report for 1902, and yet we have in our hands a similar document for 1903, so that, in reality, a whole year must have elapsed. If there is one class of finance of which Englishmen may well be proud, it is that connected with our large Insurance and Banking Companies. Whatever scandals and disappointments there may be in Railway, Mining, or Foreign finance, there are none, or next to none, among our high-class Insurance concerns.

The report of the National Provident Institution cannot fail to give satisfaction to its policy-holders. New business completed during the year amounted to £627,647 in 1718 policies, on which the premium income is £25,884 per annum, while the claims made have been in respect of 526 policies, insuring, with bonus additions, £296,794, being only 73 per cent. of the amount which might have been expected according to the tables. The accumulated funds now amount to £5,912,927, and the present number of members has reached the large total of over 27,000.

MEXICAN CENTRAL PROBLEMS.

Much attention is being devoted to the affairs of the Mexican Central Railway at the present time, and our own correspondence has shown that the Company's affairs are exciting interest amongst a wide circle of private investors. The fall in the Consolidated 4 per cent. Bonds now amounts to some fifteen points from the highest price reached last year, and this has happened in spite of that rise in silver which should have a markedly beneficial effect upon the Company's earnings. Fears of suspension in payment of interest are being sounded, and there is some talk of a reorganisation. Paradoxical as it may seem, that last might prove the best thing for the Mexican Central. The Company's financial position is not strong—its greatest admirers will admit that—although the dividend-chest will stand depletion

speculative public interest of those mines the lives and profits of which can be more mathematically weighed.

A FINANCIAL SYMPOSIUM.

The Juvenile Journalist sat sucking the wooden end of his pen in blank despair. He had been advised to "specialise" in his calling, and was forlornly wondering what subject to take up. "Oh, for a fairy godmother!" he groaned.

She came at once, as if in answer to his cry, and to her he poured out his boyish heart. "Tell me what I can write about," was the burden of his plaint, and She, nodding sagely, waved at length her goose-quill wand. Upon the moment, there appeared a dozen ink-bottles on the table, each one fully filled.

"In Finance you shall try the way to fortune," she began. "Each bottle contains a fluid that has led its maker to varying degrees of fame or notoriety. Commence with this, the chief of financial daily journalism."

The youth raised the lid of the ink-pot and noted that it was marked *Financial Times*. He dipped his pen, and, as if guided by some agency superior to his own free-will, he wrote—

Business in the Stock Markets to-day has been characterised by an inanition so great as to forbid a testing of the tone. Prices have been marked up and down at the fancy of the jobbers, and one well-known broker epigrammatically summed up the situation in the words, "Business could not be worse if it were." In the Mining departments the chief movements during the earlier hours were based upon a series of dividends declared this evening after the close of the House. Trade in Industrials was too small to test the tone. If the Canadian Pacific traffic is given in sterling on this page, it will probably be corrected in another portion of the paper, and we trust that our readers will appreciate the supplement given away with this number. Our birthday presents may be small, but they are quite frequent enough to test our tone.

The Juvenile Journalist looked it over, and was highly satisfied. "But let me try another," he said, and his fairy godmother opened

a second ink-pot. The fluid was black as night, and the label on the bottle read "The Daily Chronicle"—

While we studiously avoid every appearance of pessimism, it would be idle to deny that the outlook is far from rosy. The inordinately high levels at which Kaffirs now stand are pistol pointed at the head of the Stock Exchange, while the hollow artificiality of the Argentine Railway market is more than proved by the well-known fact that locusts live upon the lines, famine stalks across the sleepers, and the credit of the Argentine Government would be challenged even in Bond Street. Bankruptcy stares the investor, the speculator, the Bank of England, in the face—yea, even the pigeons of the Guildhall are like to be engulfed in the whirlpool catastrophe with which Europe, Asia, Africa, and other moneyed classes are threatened. The Stock Exchange is marching straight to the de—

His fairy godmother hastily slammed the lid of the ink-pot. "Enough!" she ordered. "Here is something more gay," and the ink in the *Morning Post* stand sparkled in the lamplight. The Juvenile Journalist found his pen dancing as he wrote—

Obviously, the irresponsible financial critic has failed to see that the only way to write a serious article is to treat it as an obvious joke. Of course, the one exception to such an obvious truism nestles in the pages of prospectusless Companies' prospectuses. No term in the whole *World* can be too harsh—not even one of seven years' penal—for those who foist their wild-kitten schemes upon a ludicrously helpless public. The Government must intervene, the Stock Exchange must act, the Press—that part of it which is pure—must shriek, not in a whisper, but aloud, for the suppression of this toad-in-the-hole policy. Obviously, if there be no prospectus, the responsible financial critic cannot see whether each "t" is crossed in the small-print Articles of Association, and if one is uncrossed; even though that "t" be marked "Not negotiable," the scheme reeks of the obvious traits of the worst kind of Wafican Westralianism.

"Very nice, isn't it?" said the youth, admiringly, as he finished the sentence. "Beautiful," was the reply; but the Queen of the Quill seemed absent-minded, and regarded the other ink-pots with some apparent doubt. "Ah, this is what I was looking for!" she cried. "Try this one." The legend read, *Pall Mall Gazette*; and again the young man bent to his task—

The directors in their report seem to think that their masters—we mean, their fellow-shareholders—are as colossal fools as they are themselves. Seldom has a more masterly display of utterly-utter ineptitude been given even in the rolls of finance. Cant and hypocrisy display their brazen heels in every line, and we shall be much astonished if the Board survives the heckling that we mean to give them before we pass to another sledge-hammer job. But we have cards up our sleeve that no directorial tears shall induce us to withhold until the bitter end of this ghastly loss of nine-and-ninelpence is probed to the last farthing. Our intention is firmly fixed: we will continue to wage our campaign even though we be opposed by every Levantine Jew throughout the kingdom.

The Juvenile Journalist wriggled a little. "Can't I have something lighter?" he asked, appealingly. "For the last one?" "Then do this," and his fairy godmother put down an ink-pot marked *The Sketch* that she held in her hand, and, as the youth wrote, she softly withdrew. Her *protégé* began—

"Aha! here we are again. I wonder whether you have ever heard that old

chestnut about the miller and the white hat? It's really too good to lose, so, with your permission (which you can't refuse), I'll repeat it. . . . This, of course, is really an excellent reason why you should buy Anglo-French and Apex in the Kaffir Circus, and the same train of thought carries you on to the manifestly evident fact that Grand Trunk Third Preference is bound to go to fifty. Only don't contango the stock, for goodness' sake; not that I know who goodness is, except that it isn't me—I mean, I. Hope you all took my tip in *The Sketch* about buying Buenos Ayres Western and Roseys. Good tip, wasn't it? Oh, yes, they are both going better, so mind you do your business only through a member of the Stock Exchange, and, as I am getting sleepy, I should advise you to go straight to bed and dream about

THE HOUSE ROTTER.

"Can't complain that I have no ideas now," murmured the young fellow. "Hullo! where's that godmother of mine? She's as bad as Mr. Chamberlain's policy. You never know where she will appear next. Ah well!"—and he gave a prodigious yawn—"I suppose I had better go and see about some supper." Which he did.

MAPLE'S REPORT.

The report for the year 1903 will be reassuring to several nervous correspondents who have lately addressed us about "the severity of competition" and the death of the late Sir Blundell Maple. No profit-and-loss account is published, but from the balance-sheet it is clear that, after providing for Debenture interest, the net profits for the year were over £169,000, or more than three times the sum required for the Preference dividend, so that holders may well feel satisfied with their security. The Ordinary dividend is, as in the preceding four years, 14 per cent., £15,730 is added to the reserve, and the carry-forward is £1250 larger than for 1902.

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

W. B. G.—We have not seen the circulars, but if a date was fixed for shareholders to come in and join, and you have not done so, in all probability your interest is completely gone, and you have nothing to sell. We advise you to write to the H. A. M. Company and ask if you can still claim your shares, and, if so, consider whether, after you have paid the assessment, there will be any profit in selling at 2s. 9d. No wonder you are tired of reconstructions, as there have been six.

NOLENS.—See this week's Notes for all the information we have.

E. C. L.—We believe the Hamburg lotteries and some of the others are honestly conducted, but they are all poor speculations and the chances greatly against making money. You had better put the circulars into the fire.

G. W.—We cannot read your *nom-de-guerre*. (1) As long as you do not part with your cash except against delivery, the people you name are all right. (2) The principal patent expires this year; of course, the Company holds some others, but not of much value. (3) As to what you say about two prices and jobbers' turns, the Universal Stock Exchange deals at tape prices, where the difference between buying and selling is greater than the usual House quotations.



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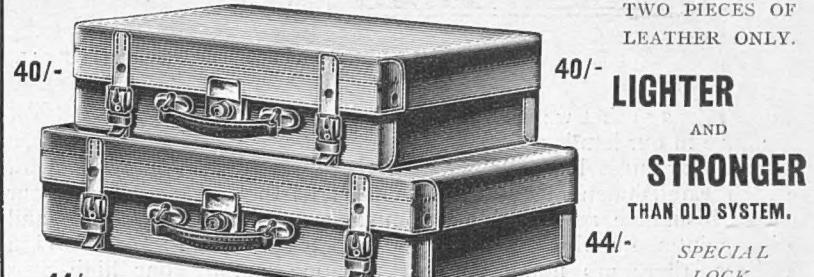
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